Broadway Magazine

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Beautiful Women

FRECKLES and TAN Positively Removed

Mme. A. Ruppert's Face Bleach

THE RELIABLE REMEDY

FOR MORE than 20 years Mme. A. Ruppert's Renowned Face Bleach has been the only reliable remedy for beautifying the complexion and for removing entirely all diseases and discolorations from the skin.

The public in that time have seen the rise and fall of many imitators, but Mme. A. Ruppert's Face Bleach still stands unequaled in its wonderful merit, and each year has seen an increase in the demand for this wonderful preparation, until now its sale has reached almost a million bottles annually.

The following facts make Mme. Ruppert's Face Bleach so popular

1. It is harmless to the most delicate skin.
2. It is an external application, the presence of which cannot be detected.
3. It is a sure and quick cure for Pimples, Blackheads, Eczema, Freckles, Moth Patches, Tan, and, in fact, for all diseases or discolorations of the skin.
4. It does not cover up the blemishes as cosmetics do, but acts on the skin as a tonic, producing a naturally pure complexion.
5. It does not require constant use to effect a cure, as usually from one to three bottles will clear the worst complexion.
6. All the above is guaranteed by Mme. Ruppert, who has been known to the public for more than 20 years as the leading complexion specialist.

The price of Mme. Ruppert's Face Bleach is $2.00 per bottle, or 3 bottles—sometimes required—$5.00. It can be had at the parlors of Mme. Ruppert or can be sent safely by express, securely packed in plain wrapper, to any address on receipt of price. All correspondence is strictly confidential. Mme. Ruppert never uses the names of her patrons for testimonials, as she regards the delicacy of women in such matters too highly. You are cordially invited to call or write and all your inquiries will be cheerfully answered. Mme. Ruppert's book, "How To Be Beautiful," will be mailed you upon request or can be had at parlors.

Mme. A. RUPPERT

8–10 EAST 14th STREET NEW YORK CITY

Western Office: 155 State St., Chicago, Ill.

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Photo by Baker, Columbus, O.
ANNABELLE MOORE, OF BROADWAY. Miss Moore is noted for her shrinking coyness.

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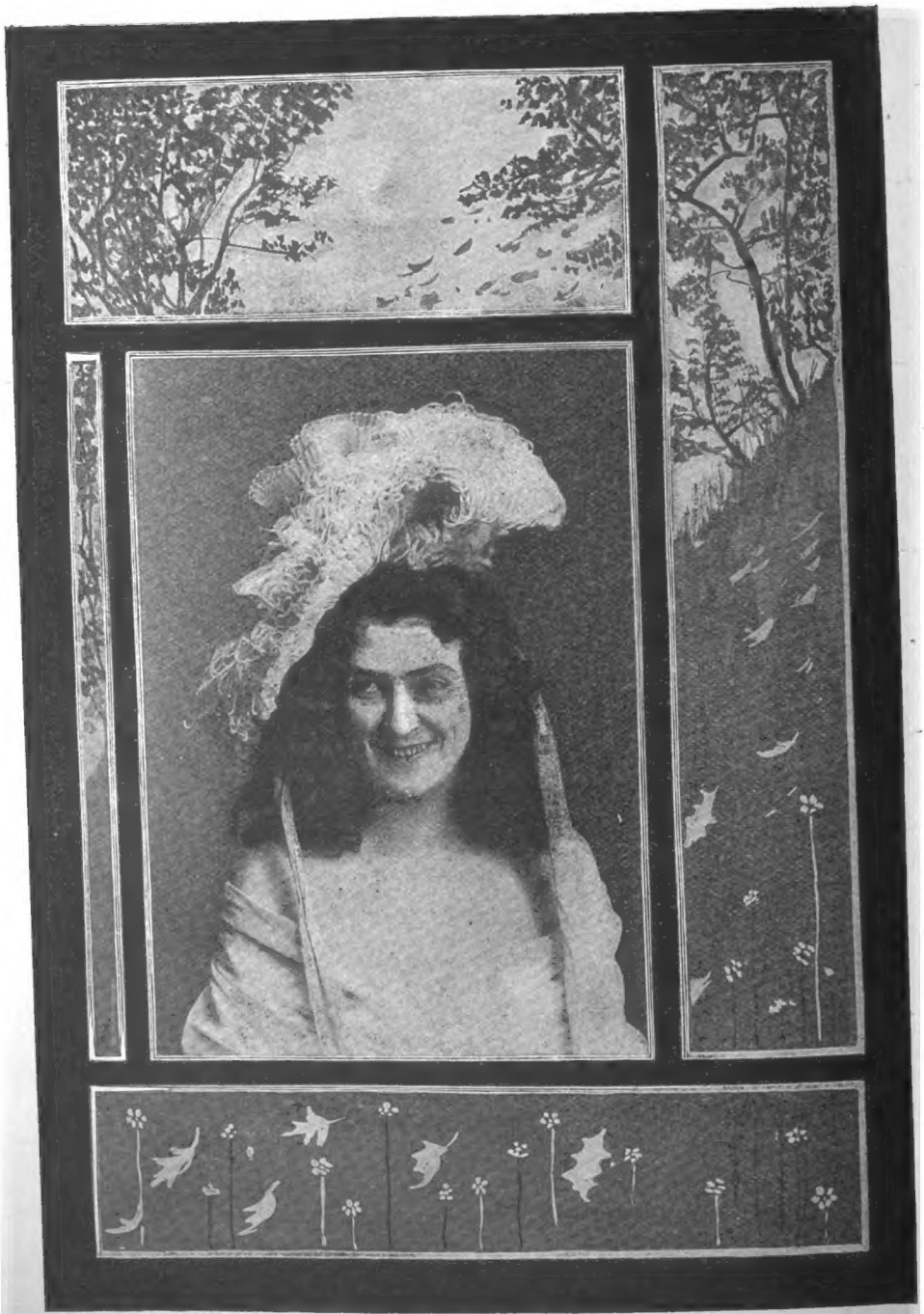

From a photo by Baker, Columbus, O.

MAY WALLACE AND HER SMILE.

Miss Wallace does not look like this all the time. We'd be fools if we said she did. However, her teeth are not her least charm and Nature should be encouraged occasionally by those who have been favored. Miss Wallace's hat might have something to do with her levity in this picture.

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Photo by Baker, Columbus, Ohio.

A YOUNG BROADWAY BEAUTY.

Willie Norton, who, despite her masculine name, is a very pretty girl, has been prominent in E. E. Rice's productions. This, of course, means that she does not always wear a mackintosh for the purpose of hiding her physical charms.

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The New Double-Mirror Photograph.

MARIE GEORGE.

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[MRS. GEORGE W. LEDERER,
The beautiful wife of Manager Lederer, of the New York Casino.

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The New Double-Mirror Photograph.

MISS CHRISTIE McDONALD.

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MRS. GEORGE SEAGER.

One of New York's Handsome Women.

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From a photo by Eddowes, New York.

THÉRÈSE RENOLD AND A FEW POLKA DOTS.

You must have noticed that we of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE are candid; in fact, it's one of our faults which our parents have tried to correct with tears in their eyes. Therefore, when we tell you that we don't know very much about Miss Renold, you will believe us. No doubt she is a very important young lady, and could tell you all about the ethics of dramatics in her sleep. However, all we are sure of is that she is an actress of promise—they all are, you know—and that she looks well in a photograph, and here she is.

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"How Would You Like to be the Sandwich Man."

A NEW PARIS BEAUTY, ROSA MAURIER, A MUSIC-HALL SINGER

Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

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BROADWAY MAGAZINE'S CALENDAR

SEPTEMBER 1899

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

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Photo by Marceau, San Francisco, Cal.

PILAR MORIN,

The pretty French actress, who has been appearing on the New York Casino roof.

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AN AMERICAN ACTRESS IN LONDON.

* DOROTHY USNER'S IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON — SHE DISCUSSES THE GOODWINS, HADDON CHAMBERS, MADELINE BOUTON, POTTER AND BELLEW, MELBA, ADELE RITCHIE, AND OTHER PEOPLE WE KNOW.

HOTEL CECIL, LONDON, 1899.

To the homesick American in London the word "Broadway" contains a magic charm, and the music of those two syllables is far sweeter than the melodies of "The Belle of New York," with which one is awakened every morning by some strolling hurdy-gurdy. Consequently, when the editor of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE sent a special messenger across the briny, asking me to send him a story on my experiences in London, I could not decline.

But as I meditate on the proposition a wave of fear passes over me, for "serial" stories — or "continued in our next" —are not published in the bright, breezy, bubbling BROADWAY MAGAZINE; and any American girl's experiences in London would fill a volume. Brevity, they tell us, is the soul of wit, so I'll endeavor to be brief—if not witty. First we might talk about the weather. But it is too bad to speak of. It is so femininely inconsistent; it pours while the sun shines; and when Americans go forth wrapped in furs, they meet their English cousins in muslin frocks, duck trousers — always turned up — and all the rest of it. And speaking of trousers — a new solution of an English fashion has been brought to my mind. A well-groomed Johnny told me that when a gentleman turned up his trousers it was not to save them from the mud, nor to show the pattern of his hosiery. It meant that he was not dressed—that is, not in the strict sense — but that he had finer apparel hanging at home on a peg, but he did not care to array himself in it.

Miss Usner all in white.

Apropos of the weather — it would break the constitution of — the United States — let alone that of the many tender soubrettes now in London. For every other one is suffering from influenza. Still, it is fashionable, and to be out of the fashion in London is to be dead.—

The most amusing figure in London is the "cabby," who is so sadly maligned. He is in reality a poor, hard-working character; that is, he works you for all you have or hope to have. His mania is his *pourboire*—he must have his tonsil varnish; or, if he is not thirsty, his 'orse is. The way to do is to hand the cabby his fare in a nonchalant way, just as if you knew all about it — and he'll think you do. But if he discovers you are an American, you are helpless. In my first experience with one, I allowed my nationality to be discovered by the cabby, whose name should have been Oliver Twist, instead of Blenkins. He proceeded to "do me." I said to him: "How much, cabby?" "Oh, I should say four-

* EDITOR'S NOTE.—This critique of London, Londoners and visiting Americans, has been written at my request for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE by Miss Usner, who went to England as a member of Broadhurst's "Why Smith Left Home" company. The photographs which accompany this letter were taken especially for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner, W., London. Forwarded by James Gardiner Clarke, the BROADWAY MAGAZINE'S special English correspondent.

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Miss Usner likes this picture herself.

and-six," said he. "You should say it again, and think what you say," said I, giving him three shillings—his proper fare. Always polite—even when they cuss you—the cabby tipped his weather-beaten tile and said: "You've got the best of the *poor* cabby, ma'am, but it's all right." And I answered: "Well, if I've gotten the best of a cabby it will go down in history"—and he took his grievance out on his horse.

There seem to be more Americans than natives in London. Everywhere one goes one meets well-known American folk. Driving in Hyde Park one sees all the celebrities, from the Hon. Chauncey Depew to modest little Edna May—who certainly has all London at her dainty feet. And, wonderful to remark,

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she is still unaffected, and not suffering in the least from megacephalis. (That may be a new word, but it's the word I mean—if you don't know it look it up.) In fact, all London is still raving over "The Belle of New York," the honors of which are pretty evenly divided between Edna May, James Sullivan, who is wined and dined by the greatest artists in London; Frank Lawton whose whistling is the talk of the town, and Edward Connelly, who plays Dan Daly's part and has scored a distinct hit. Phyllis Rankin is very much missed, and the Johnnies are sighing for her return to their midst as *Fifi*. So much for "The Belle," which will probably be ringing a year hence. And we must not omit mentioning the authors. They are deservedly popular, and rolling in prosperity. Hugh Morton and Gustav Kerker have only one idea—"royalties." They acknowledge the power of the English "sovereign" without an argument.

At the Duke of York's Mr. Goodwin and his Junoesque wife, Maxine Elliott, have scored a tremendous success in "An American Citizen." Mrs. Ryley's work as a playwright has been universally praised. "The Cowboy and the Lady" died together after a lingering illness of a fortnight—*Requiescat in pace!*

As to the players at the Strand—one of whom I am—they have more than recompensed Smith for leaving home. New York will have an opportunity of judging for itself the excellent qualities of "Smith" in September.

Truth is, the American actor has become such a potent factor in London as to cause no little feeling on the part of the English artists who are unemployed. They consider young America far too precocious for its age—but they acknowledge that we have taught them many things about the art of acting.

One annoying feature of "London after dark" lies in the fact that in every restaurant or hotel the lights are extinguished punctually at half after twelve o'clock—leaving the diners in utter darkness, to which many people might not object if they were permitted to sit there. But no; they are politely, but firmly, informed that it is "time for disappearing." So we are grateful that in our own New York no such custom prevails. Why, one just commences to have an appetite at half-past twelve—to say nothing of a thirst.

This is done even at the Savoy, which is a great rendezvous for well-known celebrities in London. It is one of the sights of the town—this array of beautiful women, resplendent in Worth creations and jewels. A glance at the different tables reveals such beauties as Mrs. Potter and Kyrle Bellew, who are once again devoted—notwithstanding much talk to the contrary. Lady Francis Hope — our own May Yohe — Fanny Ward, another young American girl who has amassed a fortune in jewels, by judiciously saving her salary; Edna Wallace Hopper, with J. Todhunter Sloan—resembling the diminutive bride and groom in a fairy pantomime. A short distance away—not premeditated—sits the radiant brunette, Madeline Bouton, with her baron-husband—quite wrapped up in each other, oblivious of the surroundings. Under a pink lampshade we see the miniature Lillian Russell—Adele Ritchie—with Marcus Mayer, and, incidentally, Paul Arthur having coffee with them. Mrs. Frank Leslie is in all her glory, and tucked away among the billows of lace can be seen her pet doggie. In a secluded corner one sees the divine Melba and Haddon Chambers—the playwright of the hour—whose "Tyranny of Tears" is the most exquisite play in London just now. Across the room serious William Gillette is listening to the breezy chatter of Josephine Hall, who will play "The Girl from Maxime's" in New York next Fall. This French farce is by far the naughtiest thing ever produced, and compared to which "The Turtle" was a harmless little Sunday-school play. Scattered around the room are several beauties from "The Belle of New York"—shy young things who play thinking parts at the Shaftesbury but talking ones at the Savoy.

It is little wonder that so many American girls are dissatisfied when they return to their native heath, for they are wined and dined like royalty on this side of the pond. But there's one American girl who wouldn't give the "Tombs" in New York for Buckingham Palace in London. Every day she spends in England she becomes a better American; and she's yours loyally, with a secret longing for dear old Broadway,

DOROTHY USNER.

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PERCIVAL PASH TO ESTELLE CLAYTON.

Zoost! Zoost! Here she comes—
Here's the dancer gay!
Now, ye drummers, pound your drums,
And, ye fiddlers, play!
Soak the nimble
Sounding cymbal,
Make it scream for fair!
Swing the lively music out
On the listening air!

Slap—bang! Hear the hands
Clapping high and low,
While the lissome dancer stands
On her quivering toe.
Now the Clayton,
Quick as Satan,
Swings around her shin,
And, amidst the cheers of all,
Does the dance begin.

First she'll lift her dexter foot,
Then the left protrude;
Then her body she will put
In an attitude.
"This is very
Ordinary
Sort of dancing" you
Think perhaps, but wait and soon
Something fine you'll view.

Forward, backward, dives the she,
At the sensuous swing
Of the music, hitting me
Just like anything.
Hoop-de-dooden!
I'd be wooden
Or of adamant,
If the movements of the maid
Didn't make me pant!

'Round and 'round and 'round and 'round,
'Round and 'rounder still
Does the Clayton sweep the ground,
Dancing with a will.
See her swivel
Like the divil—
See her flash her skirts!
When I view that blinding sight,
Hully gee, it *hurts!*

Never mind, tho',—what cares she
For my throbbing breast?
Now she's bounding with a free
Bacchanalian zest.
Palpitating,
And gyrating,
Comes the end.
. . . . . .
Here, cabby,
Help me up, for I am so
Flaccid, limp and flabby!

PERCIVAL PASH.

Photos by Alfred Ellis, London.

IRENE VANBRUGH AS A WICKED MANICURIST.

Miss Vanbrugh is playing the rôle of *Sophy Fullgarney*, the blackmailing manicure girl in "The Gay Lord Quex," the wickedest play that has made its appearance in London for years. *Sophy* is a rather attractive, vulgar and altogether impossible creature who for a time makes it mighty unpleasant for the others in the cast. One of Charles Frohman's young actresses will play the part in America.

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IN HER GILDED CAGE.

BY VIOLET HUNT.

LITTLE FLOPPE OF THE COMEDY THEATRE, LONDON.
(This is not a joke.)

THIS particular apartment house is within a few yards of some of the most important clubs of New York. He had, indeed, chosen to put her there because this region lay so conveniently near to his favorite club. He was a busy and a sociable man. "I shall be able to see more of you, dear, here, than if you were further over on the West Side."

She had lived there for a year. She had so little to occupy her time that she often longed to go and help the servant. But, then, the servant had very little to do either, for her mistress had no friends of her own, and saw no company except John Barton and the one or two men he chose to bring to see her. She would even rather he had not brought them, for, although she was pretty and winning, she was very *gauche* as well, and she knew it. She had a music-teacher and a dancing-master; but she made very little use of either of these advantages, and sat most days, as she was doing now, close up to the window that overlooked the street, brooding, moping, and thinking very unprofitable thoughts.

By craning her neck a little sideways, she could catch a glimpse of Fifth Avenue. There the carriages rolled by, bearing the members of the great world—she could see the tops of their bonnets as she sat up there in her little apartment. He met them every day—they were his friends.

Sometimes a hansom would turn the corner, she would hear it stop and her ears would begin to prickle with the eagerness of her listening. There would be a pause, and then she would hear the tentative insertion of the key in the lock of the outer door of the flat, and a burly figure would break in and kiss her, and fill the room with noise and talk.

But this did not happen often—not nearly so often as she would have liked. He had other engagements, and many of them. She did not feel very well, she thought, today; and she sat at her usual position by the window, and looked out stupidly, wearily, with only a half-intelligence, that would not let her play or read, but could grasp the mild entertainment of life in the street below. Immediately opposite the window was Mr. Somebody-or-Other's extensive stables, and the stableman's wife, with her newly-born baby, stood at the little door-window on the first floor and rocked herself and it complacently backwards and forwards. The rich man's toy opposite wished rather that she had had a child.

Miss Floppe again looking like an English beauty, in spite of her Charles Hoytian name.

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In Her Gilded Cage.

A great van load of Ehret's beer thundered up and blocked the roadway under her window. She leaned out and listened to a violent altercation between a cabman and the driver of the van. Both swore with energy and enthusiasm.

As she listened she noticed that one of the men spoke with a decided down-East twang. She felt as if she must sit down that very moment and write a long, loving letter home to her father. The impulse passed in a throe of bitterness. She knew that he would not so much as glance at an envelope that bore the superscription of the daughter who had disgraced him and herself.

And then she thought of her sister, too—the young one, who had come to New York, and was earning her own livelihood honestly at one of the professions open to women. She had actually seen her once, walking carelessly through this very street with a young man, all unconscious of the woman of her blood who was watching her with starting, staring eyeballs, longing to call out to her. That woman had refrained, of course. It would have been a pity to spoil the little one's chances with a young fellow who so obviously meant well by her:

He would certainly marry her sister—he was an ugly, raw-colored youth, with long ears and crooked walk; but he would, if all went well, marry her sister, and make home for her, show her to his friends, and be proud of her and her children; and she would be busy, at any rate, delightfully busy, and occupied always.

She left the window and walked up to the sideboard, and stretched out her hand for the decanter that stood on it. She had vaguely in her mind the idea of the delicious somnolence and indifference to outward circumstances that one little wineglassful would give her. She would lie down on the sofa and sleep and dream till——

For he was coming to dine with her—at least, he had said that he would if he could; she was not to expect him till she saw him. But there were some long hours till then to get through, and the glass of wine would have helped her to do it.

She put back the decanter, however, without even removing the stopper, and went slowly back to her seat in the window.

Then suddenly the key clicked in the lock, and he came in. She had not time to get into and arrange herself in a less desponding attitude.

"What! Sitting in the dark?" he said, coming up and kissing her.

His lips inevitably touched the track of the salt tear.

"Oh, look here!" he exclaimed roughly, "this is too bad. I have had a hard day—lots of things to bother me; and I come here and find you in tears! . . . I simply can't stand it—I'll leave you."

And the crash of the closing door sounded like a death-knell!

Miss Floppe in her imitation of a celebrated American advertiser.

(These three photos by Alfred Ellis, London.)

From a flashlight by Joseph Byron.

THE MECHANICAL ORCHESTRA WHICH HAS BEEN ON EXHIBITION AT THE VICTORIA MUSIC HALL, NEW YORK.

This remarkable affair is the invention of Dr. Bruce Miller. The only living figure in this group is the one in the center—that of Dr. Miller, who acts as conductor. All the popular airs, as well as a classical repertoire, are played with amazing skill.

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VASHTI EARLE, THE BROADWAY BEAUTY

She has been appearing in "The Man in the Moon," at the New York Theatre.

From photos by Eddowes, New York.

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OF NEW YORK'S SUMMER SEASON.

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CALLING HIM.

CONCEITED YOUTH—Ah, I travel on me shape, y' know.
BOATMAN—Well, suppose yer do travel on it and make more room for other people.

A DISQUIETING RUMOR ABOUT LONG BRANCH.

IT IS SAID THAT THIS SUMMER RESORT IS BECOMING CROWDED WITH CHRISTIANS. OTHER GOSSIP FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

LONG BRANCH, August, 1899.

Long Branch is all in a blaze of glory, and things are humming merrily (also the roulette wheels). The Ocean House and the Leland House are filled with the élite of New York City, and around on the beach can be seen every day some of the deadest swellest faces. In fact, at Long Branch you may not only feast your eyes, but can fill daily your pockets.*

At the Ocean House there registered yesterday, among others: Mr. and Mrs. Wager A. Cent, Mr. and Mrs. Nevercatch, Mr. Kards Markdt, Mr. Rew J. Nwarr, Mr. and Mrs. Makeyer Playe, Mr. and Mrs. Bettenther Redde, and Miss Betzer Could and maid.

At the Leland House the latest arrivals are the Chinese ambassador, Ski Hi Lim It, Senator Boost, Mr. and Mrs. Copperon, Mr. and Mrs. Tront A. Karront, Mr. and Mrs. Vant A. Unne, Mr. Black Winns, and Mr. and Mrs. Raser A. Gayne.

SHOULD STATESMEN BATHE?

This question has been agitating Asbury Park since the appearance on Mr. Bradley's beach of the above gentleman, who is one of Washington's winter lights.

Honest, now, should they?

The eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Copperon went into the surf yesterday and came out again, dripping wet. In spite of the immense wealth and unimpeachable social standing of Mr. and Mrs. Copperon, the waves had the temerity to coquette with Copperon's limbs. She wept with vexation, when, on coming out in her wet bathing dress, she found the beach thronged with women. Not a man happened to be in sight.

Senator Boost went out to-day with a fishing party. The story runs that he caught a straight flush, and Mr. Markdt, who had four nines on the go in, was knocked heavily. The latter has made a vow to confine his attention strictly to fish in future on such occasions, even if there is a deck along and a box of chips.

The luck of the Hon. Blast-

*If you're in luck.

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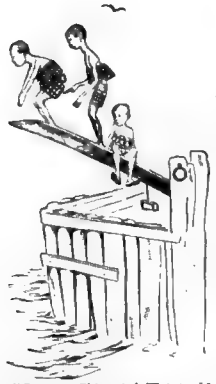

"Come on, Chimmie! 'Taint cold. Don't be afraid."
"Afraid, nuttin'. But me doctor says dat sudden changes is bad fer me healt', so I guess I'll trow me little brudder in and see if he likes it."

itt I. Nevercatch is becoming proverbial. He put five dollars on the black this afternoon and lost, then on the red and lost, and kept see-sawing for half an hour—losing each time. This is the alternation record of the season. The general consensus of opinion is that the Hon. Nevercatch is a dub.

The opening of Himmel's new hotel last week was a great success. Among the guests who registered the first day were: Aaron V. Profitsky, Moses Lagerstein, Jacob T. Husselstein, Isaac I. Openweiner and the Tenpersentsky Brothers of Hester Street, all with their families along. The ladies are enjoying the swimming immensely and their deep dark oriental eyes gleam athwart their patrician noses with delight when the waves come and soak them. The costumes of these ladies, too, in the evening are simply dazzling. Mrs. Husselstein, who is a famous wit, raised a laugh on the veranda the other night by saying that she was not so awfully fond of dancing and that three balls a season would be enough for her. Young Openweiner capped this witticism by ordering a waiter to bring Mrs. Husselstein a glass of hock. The social gatherings at the Himmel Hotel promise now to be very brilliant. The season at this hostelry has been a very successful one. The house is full, and "Standing Room Only" was hung out last Saturday night.

There are not wanting, however, a large contingent of Long Branchers who assert that this resort is "falling off." A well-known New York money-lender who knows his business thoroughly, complained in my hearing yesterday that the place was getting horribly crowded with Christians.

At Pink's Hotel in Pleasure Bay yesterday came Susie Sublette, May Magnificoss, Steve Senterstage, Richard Rant, Sally Scream and Lionel Lowde.

JAMES GORDON WHITELAW PULITZER.

A VALUABLE ADJUNCT.

"Oh, have you heard? The swimming teacher saved Pearl Passy's life about half an hour ago!"
"Has her complexion been rescued, too?"

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THE WAY THEY PHOTOGRAPH ACTRESSES IN PARIS.

This is Paula Tellier, a French comédienne, posing in the photograph gallery of Reutlinger, Paris.

(From our Special Paris Correspondent.)

ANNA HELD SAID TO BE MRS. ZIEGFELD.

PAUL POTTER'S NEW PLAY. — OTERO AS A PLUNGER. — OTHER NEWS FROM THE GAY CAPITAL.

PARIS, August, 1899.

THE American colony here is thoroughly convinced that Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., the American manager, has made Anna Held, the famous *chanteuse*, his wife. A friend of Anna Held's told me over a year ago that the little singer would undoubtedly have been Mrs. Ziegfeld long before that if the family, which I understand has some pretentions to standing in America, had not strongly objected. The same friend tells me that a marriage actually took place some weeks ago, and that Ziegfeld, Sr., who had been in Paris for some time, came over for the express purpose of sanctioning the wedding. Anna Held has, as usual, cut quite a swathe since her appearance here and has been a familiar figure on the boulevards. Seated behind a smart pair of steppers she has been able to attract the attention of the boulevardiers. Ziegfeld has secured a number of French pieces for production in America.

MR. and MRS. JOSEPH HART (Carrie de Mar) have been enjoying themselves in Paris. With them came Fleurette, who has made a contract to appear next winter on the continent. She is a sister of Mrs. Hart.

PAUL POTTER, author of "The Conquerers," "Sheridan," and other American successes, has apparently made up his mind to remain indefinitely in Paris. I saw him at the Gymnase a few nights ago, and I thought he looked very gray. Potter has for some months been at work on what he believes will be the most important play he has ever written. It deals with the Huguenots and will have thirty-one speaking parts.

LIANE DE POUGY has set all Paris laughing over a letter which she recently sent to the press on the question of kissing. In it she averred that the custom of selling kisses at charity

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CLARISSE MARRON,
Who figures in a picturesque divorce case.

OTERO WATCHING THE GRAND PRIX, AT LONGCHAMPS, FRANCE.
Otero occasionally wagers 5,000 francs on a race.

MME. BONIFANT,
Who is posing in the Paris Music Halls.

MARIE COURTANT,
Who has scathingly criticised Sara Bernhardt.

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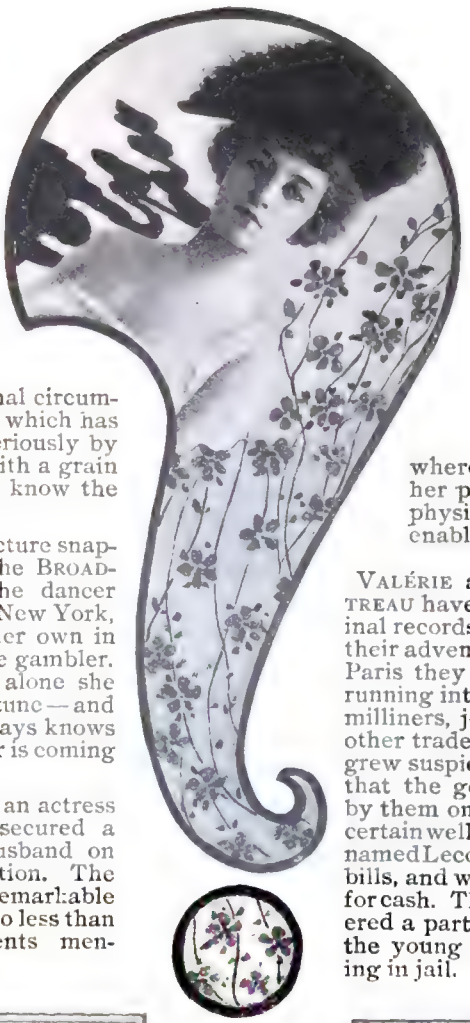
bazars was immoral and unwomanly. Her opinion was published in the Paris edition of the *Herald* and cabled to the New York edition. Paris is amused because Liane de Pougy is one of the famous women of the half-world. She startled Paris a few years ago by attempting suicide under very sensational circumstances. Her letter which has been accepted so seriously by the press, is taken with a grain of salt by those who know the lady.

I HAD the Otero picture snapped especially for the BROADWAY MAGAZINE. The dancer who failed to startle New York, but who still holds her own in Paris, is an inveterate gambler. On the Grand Prix alone she wagered a small fortune—and lost. But Otero always knows where the next dollar is coming from.

CLARISSE MARRON, an actress at the Odéon, has secured a divorce from her husband on the ground of desertion. The case was somewhat remarkable because there were no less than thirteen corespondents mentioned in the papers.



LOTTIE LANE, an English girl who has made a hit in Paris.

MADAME BONIFANT is a new figure at the halls. She is a beautiful woman and poses only for classic subjects.

LOTTIE LANE is one of the beauties of the season here. She is an English girl of handsome face and form and has an excellent voice. It is not unlikely that she will go to America season after next, where her good English, her piquant manner and physical loveliness should enable her to make a hit.

VALÉRIE and MAXINE PELLETREAU have figured in the criminal records here of late. Since their advent into the gay life of Paris they have succeeded in running into debt with so many milliners, jewelers, florists, and other tradesmen that the police grew suspicious. It was found that the goods were obtained by them on the assertion that a certain well-known Paris banker named Lecouvrier would pay the bills, and were then disposed of for cash. The police have recovered a part of this amount and the young ladies are languishing in jail.

FRANK LLOYD.

VALÉRIE PELLETREAU.

MAXINE PELLETREAU.

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From a photo copyrighted, 1899, by B. J. Falk, New York.

Elsieta indulging in the latest dance, the "Toe Cake-Walk."

"COMMODORE GERRY, I DARE YOU!"

So says Elsieta, who has been prevented from making a living for years, but who returns to the New York stage because she is more than seven.

AWAY back in 1892 the daily newspapers informed us that Commodore Gerry, "the little American kid's big friend," had prevented Elsieta, a young dancer of much ability and great promise, from appearing at a New York theatre. The mere fact that the girl desired to dance for only a few minutes a night and was the support of her mother, did not seem to change Mr. Gerry's opinion in the matter. There was considerable indignation expressed at the time, but Mr. Gerry as usual set his face hard against public opinion, and the child was compelled either to starve or to taste the hardships of road-travel. Her mother, naturally enough, chose the latter course, and Elsieta was lost sight of for some time. She again made her appearance in New York, and Gerry once more, with the energy and enthusiasm which always have distinguished his fights against bread-winners of this type, insisted that she could not dance in New York City.

Commodore Gerry, however, has no halter upon Father Time. While temporarily he was able to make it mighty unpleasant for Elsieta, he did not succeed in keeping her below the age-limit. Elsieta is no longer a child. During the coming season she is to appear in a big

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From a photo copyrighted, 1899, by B. J. Falk, New York.

Two pictures of Elsieta showing her as she looks when she is not dancing.

New York production, and she need have no fear even if a whole vanload of seal-skin caps were to walk into the theatre. In fact, she will be perfectly justified in writing a defi to the Commodore, who no doubt will immediately proceed to send a copy of it to the newspapers. The Commodore is a nice, genial fellow, but he is fond of newspaper notoriety! If all the newspapers of New York were to suspend to-morrow, he would bury his yachting-cap and go to the Philippines.

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The City of Dreadful Night

The Wonderfully Realistic Story of Calcutta's Vice

by Rudyard Kipling

This is the story about which there has been so much discussion. It was the first story that attracted attention to Kipling as a wonderful descriptive writer, but the author suppressed it for reasons best known to himself, and it does not appear in his collected writings and is uncopyrighted. Kipling has written another story bearing the same title. Publishers, as a rule, pirate these stories and publish them without apology. The BROADWAY MAGAZINE is never afraid to be candid.

"COME up to the Fire lookout in the first place, and then you'll be able to see the city."

CALCUTTA FROM THE SKY.

This was at No. 22 Lal Bazar, which is the headquarters of the Calcutta police, the center of the great web of telephone wires, where Justice sits all day and all night looking after one million of people and a floating population of one hundred thousand. But her work shall be dealt with later on.

The Fire lookout is a little sentry box on the top of the three-storied police offices. Here a native watchman waits always, ready to give warning to the brigade below if the smoke rises by day or the flame by night in any ward of the city. From this eyrie, in the warm night, one hears the heart of Calcutta beating.

Northward the city stretches away three long miles, with three more miles of suburbs beyond, to Dum-Dum and Barrackpore. The lamplit dusk on this side is full of noises and shouts and smells. Close to the police office jovial mariners at the Sailors' Coffee Shop are roaring hymns. Southerly the city's confused lights give place to the orderly lamp rows of the Maidan and Chouringhi, where the respectabilities live and the police have very little to do. From the east goes up to the sky the clamor of Sealdah, the rumble of the trams and the voices of all Bow Bazar, chaffering and making merry. Westward all the business quarters, hushed now, the lamps of the shipping on the river and the twinkling lights on the Howrah side. It is a wonderful sight—this Pisgah view of a huge city resting after the labors of the day.

"Does the noise of traffic go on all through the hot weather?"

"Of course. The hot months are the busiest in the year and money's tightest. You should see the brokers cutting about at that season. Calcutta can't stop, my dear sir."

"What happens then?"

"Nothing happens; the death rate goes up a little. That's all."

Even in February the weather upcountry would be called muggy and stifling, but Calcutta is convinced that it is her cold season.

The noises of the city grow perceptibly; it is the night side of Calcutta waking up and going abroad. Jack in the Sailors' Coffee Shop is singing joyously, "Shall we gather at the river, the beautiful, the beautiful river?" There is a clatter of hoofs in the courtyard below. Some of the mounted police have come in from somewhere or other, out of the great darkness. A clog-dance of iron hoofs follows and an Englishman's voice is heard soothing an agitated horse, who seems to be standing on his hind legs. Some of the mounted police are going out into the great darkness.

* * * * * * *

A SAILOR'S ROW.

Listen for a moment from the Fire lookout to the voices of the night, and you will see why they must be so. Two thousand sailors of fifty nationalities are adrift in Calcutta every Sunday, and of these perhaps two hundred are distinctly the worse for liquor. There is a mild row going on, even now, somewhere at the back of Bow Bazar, which at nightfall fills with sailor-men who have a wonderful gift of falling foul of the native popu-

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lation. To keep the queen's peace is, of course, only a small portion of police duty, but it is trying. The burly president of the lockup for European drunks —Calcutta Central lockup is worth seeing —rejoices in a sprained thumb, and has to do his work left-handed in consequence. But his left hand is a marvelously persuasive one, and when on duty his sleeves are turned up to the shoulder that the jovial mariner may see that there is no deception.

The president's labors are handicapped in that the road of sin to the lockup runs through a grimy little garden—the brick paths are worn deep with the tread of many drunken feet—where a man can give a great deal of trouble by sticking his toes into the ground and getting mixed up with the shrubs "A straight run in" would be much more convenient both for the president and the drunk.

WOMEN WHO FIGHT.

Generally speaking — and here police experience is pretty much the same all over the civilized world—a woman drunk is a good deal worse than a man drunk. She scratches and bites like a Chinaman and swears like several fiends. Strange people may be unearthed in the lockups.

Here is a perfectly true story, not three weeks old. A visitor, an unofficial one, wandered into the native side of the spacious accommodation provided for those who have gone or done wrong. A wild-eyed Babu rose from the fixed charpoy and said in the best of English: "Good-morning, sir."

"Good-morning; who are you, and what are you in for?" Then the Babu, in one breath: "I would have you to know that I do not go to prison as a criminal, but as a reformer. You have read 'The Vicar of Wakefield'?"

"Ye-es."

"Well, I am the Vicar of Bengal—at least that's what I call myself." The visitor collapsed. He had not nerve enough to continue the conversation.

Then said the voice of authority: "He's down in connection with a cheating case at Serampore. May be shamming. But he'll be looked to in time."

The best place to hear about the police is the Fire lookout. From that eyrie one can see how difficult must be the work of control over the great, growling beast of a city. By all means let us abuse the police, but let us see what the poor wretches have to do with their three thousand natives and one hundred Englishmen. From Howrah and Bally and the other suburbs at least a hundred thousand people come into Calcutta for the day and leave at night. Also Chandernagore is handy for the fugitive lawbreaker, who can enter in the evening and get away before the noon of the next day, having marked his house and broken into it.

"But how can the prevalent offence be housebreaking in a place like this?"

"Easily enough. When you've seen a little of the city you'll see. Natives sleep and lie about all over the place, and whole quarters are just so many rabbit-warrens. Wait till you see the Machua Bazar. Well, besides the petty theft and burglary, we have heavy cases of forgery and fraud, that leave us with our wits pitted against a Bengali's. When a Bengali criminal is working a fraud of the sort he loves he is about the cleverest soul you could wish for. He gives us cases a year long to unravel. Then, there are the murders in the low houses—very curious things they are. You'll see the house where Sheikh Babu was murdered presently, and you'll understand. The Burra Bazar and Jora Bagan sections are the two worst ones for heavy cases, but Colootollah is the most aggravating. There's Colootollah over yonder—that patch of darkness beyond the lights."

MURDER IN THE LOW HOUSES

* * * * * * *

The thick, greasy night shuts in everything. We have gone beyond the ancestral houses of the Ghoses or the Boses, beyond the lamps, the smells and the crowd of Chitpore Road, and have come to a great wilderness of packed houses—just such mysterious, conspiring tenements as Dickens would have loved. There is no breath of breeze here, and the air is perceptibly warmer. There is little regularity in the drift, and the utmost niggardliness in the spacing of what, for want of a better name, we must call the streets. If Calcutta keeps such

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luxuries as commissioners of sewers and paving, they die before they reach this place.

The air is heavy with a faint, sour stench—the essence of long-neglected abominations—and it cannot escape from among the tall, three-storied houses.

THE REAL TENDERLOIN.

"This, my dear sir, is a perfectly respectable quarter as quarters go. That house at the head of the alley, with the elaborate stucco work round the top of the door, was built long ago by a celebrated midwife. Great people used to live here once. Now it is the—aha! Look out for that carriage."

A big mail phaeton crashes out of the darkness, and, recklessly driven, disappears. The wonder is how it ever got into this maze of narrow streets, where nobody seems to be moving, and where the dull throbbing of the city's life only comes faintly and by snatches.

"Now it's the what?"

"St. John's Wood of Calcutta—for the rich Babus. That 'fitton' belonged to one of them."

"Well, it's not much of a place to look at."

"Don't judge by appearances. About here live the women who have beggared kings. We aren't going to let you down into unadulterated vice all at once. You must see it first with the gilding on—and mind that rotten board."

Stand at the bottom of the lift and look upward. Then you will get both the size and the design of the tiny courtyard, round which one of those big dark houses is built. The central square may be perhaps ten feet every way, but the balconies that run inside it overhang and seem to cut away half the available space.

To reach the square a man must go around many corners, down a covered-in way, and up and down two or three baffling and confused steps. There are no lamps to guide, and the janitors of the establishment seem to be compelled to sleep in the passages. The central square, the patio or whatever it must be called, reeks with the faint sour smell, which finds its way impartially into every room.

"Now, you will understand," say the police kindly as their charge blunders shin foremost into a well-darkened winding staircase, "that these are not the sort of places to visit alone."

"Who wants to? Of all the disgusting, inaccessible dens— Holy Cupid, what's this?"

THE DAINTY INIQUITY.

A glare on the stairhead, a clink of innumerable bangles, a rustle of much fine gauze, and the Dainty Iniquity stands revealed, blazing—literally blazing—with jewelry from head to foot. Take one of the fairest miniatures that the Delhi painters draw and multiply it by ten; throw in one of Angelica Kauffman's best portraits and add anything that you can think of from Beckford or Lalla Rookh, and you will still fall short of the merits of that perfect face.

For an instant even the grim professional gravity of the police is relaxed in the presence of the Dainty Iniquity with the gems, who so prettily invites everyone to be seated and proffers such refreshments as she conceives the palates of the barbarians would prefer.

Her Abigails are only one degree less gorgeous than she. Half a lakh, or fifty thousand pounds' worth—it is easier to credit the latter statement than the former—are disposed upon her little body. Each hand carries five jeweled rings which are connected by golden chains to a great jeweled boss of gold in the center of the back of the hand. Earrings weighted with emeralds and pearls, diamond nose rings and Lord knows how many other hundred articles make up the list of adornments. English furniture of a gorgeous and gimcrack kind, unlimited chandeliers and a collection of atrocious continental prints—something but not altogether like the glazed plaques on bonbon boxes—are scattered about the house, and on every landing—let us trust this is a mistake—lies, squats or loafs a Bengali who can talk English with unholy fluency.

The recurrence suggests—only suggests, mind—a grim possibility of the affectation of excessive virtue by day, tempered with the sort of unwholesome enjoyment after dusk—this loafing and

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lobbying and chattering and smoking and, unless the bottles lie, tippling among the foul-tongued handmaidens of the Dainty Iniquity. How many men follow this double, deleterious sort of life? The police are discreetly dumb.

"Now, don't go talking about 'domiciliary visits' just because this one happens to be a pretty woman. We've got to know these creatures. They make the rich man and the poor man spend their money; and when a man can't get money for 'em honestly he comes under our notice. Now, do you see? If there was any 'domiciliary visit' about it, the whole houseful would be hidden past our finding as soon as we turned up in the courtyard. We're friends—to a certain extent."

And, indeed, it seemed no difficult thing to be friends to any extent with the Dainty Iniquity who was so surpassingly different from all that experience taught of the beauty of the East. Here was the face from which a man could write "Lalla Rookhs" by the dozen, and believe every word that he wrote. Hers was the beauty that Byron sang of when he wrote.

"Remember, if you come here alone, the chances are that you'll be clubbed or stuck or, anyhow, mobbed. You'll understand that this part of the world is shut to Europeans—absolutely. Mind the steps, and follow on."

HOUSE OF THE FAT VICE.

The vision dies out in the smells and gross darkness of the night, in evil, time-rotten brickwork, and another wilderness of shut-up houses, wherein it seems that people do continually and feebly strum stringed instruments of a plaintive and wailsome nature.

Follows, after another plunge into a passage of a courtyard and up a staircase, the apparition of a Fat Vice, in whom is no sort of romance nor beauty, but unlimited coarse humor. She, too, is studded with jewels, and her house is even finer than the house of the other, and more infested with the extraordinary men who speak such good English and are so deferential to the police.

The Fat Vice had been a great leader of fashion in her day, and stripped a semindar Rajah to his last acre—insomuch that he ended in the House of Correction for a theft committed for her sake. Native opinion has it that she is a "monstrous well-preserved woman."

On this point, as on some others, the races will agree to differ.

The scene changes suddenly as a slide in a magic lantern. Dainty Iniquity and Fat Vice slide away on a roll of streets and alleys, each more squalid than its predecessor. We are "somewhere at the back of the Machua Bazar," well in the heart of the city. There are no houses here—nothing but acres and acres, it seems, of foul wattle-and-daub huts, any one of which would be a disgrace to a frontier village. The whole arrangement is a neatly contrived germ and fire trap, reflecting great credit upon the Calcutta municipality.

"What happens when these pigsties catch fire?"

"They're built up again," say the police, as though this was the natural order of things. "Land is immensely valuable here."

All the more reason, then, to turn several Haussmanns loose into the city, with instructions to make barracks for the population that cannot find room in the huts and sleep in the openways, cherishing dogs, and worse, much worse, in its unwashen bosom.

"Here is a licensed coffee shop. This is where your naukers go for amusement and to see nautches.

NO PLACE FOR WHITE MEN.

"There is a huge chappar shed, ingeniously ornamented with insecure kerosene lamps, and crammed with gharriwans, khitmatgars, small storekeepers and the like. Never a sign of a European. Why?

"Because if an Englishman messed about here he'd get into trouble. Men don't come here unless they're drunk or have lost their way."

The gharriwans—they have the privilege of voting, have they not?—look peaceful enough as they squat on tables or crowd by the doors to watch the nautch that is going forward. Five pitiful draggle-tails that are huddled together on a bench under one of the lamps while the

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From a crayon drawing by Strang.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S LATEST PORTRAIT.

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sixth is squirming and shrieking before the impassive crowd. She sings of love as understood by the Oriental—the love that dries the heart and consumes the liver. In this place the words that would look so well on paper have an evil and ghastly significance.

THE NAUTCH LOVE SONG.

The gharriwans stare or sup tumblers and cups of a filthy decoction and the kunchenee howls with renewed vigor in the presence of the police. Where the Dainty Iniquity was hung with gold and gems, she is trapped with pewter and glass; and where there was heavy embroidery on the Fat Vice's dress, defaced stamped tinsel faithfully reduplicates the pattern on the tawdry robes of the kunchenee. So, you see, if one cares to moralize, they are sisters of the same class.

Two or three men, blessed with uneasy consciences, have quietly slipped out of the coffee shop into the mazes of the huts beyond. The police laugh and those nearest in the crowd laugh applausively, as in duty bound. Perhaps the rabbits grin uneasily when the ferret lands at the bottom of the burrow and begins to clear the warren.

"The chandoo shops shut up at six, so you'll have to see opium-smoking before dark some day. No, you won't though."

The detective nose sniffs, and the detective body makes for a half-opened door of a hut whence floats the fragrance of the Black Smoke. Those of the inhabitants who are able to stand promptly clear out—they have no love for the police—and there remain only four men lying down and one standing up. This latter has a pet mongoose coiled around his neck. He speaks English fluently. Yes, he has no fear. It was a private smoking party and——

"No business to-night—show how you smoke opium."

"Aha! You want to see? Very good, I show. Hiya! you!"—he kicks a man on the floor—"show how opium-smoking."

The kickee grunts lazily and turns on his elbow. The mongoose, always keeping to the man's neck, erects every hair of its body like an angry cat and chatters in its owner's ear. The lamp for the opium pipe is the only one in the room and lights a scene as wild as anything in the Witches' Revel, the mongoose acting as the Familiar Spirit. A voice from the ground says in tones of infinite weariness:

"You take afim, so"—a long, long pause and another kick from the man possessed of the devil—the mongoose. "You take afim?" He takes a pellet of the black, treacly stuff on the end of a knitting needle. "And light afim." He plunges the pellet into the night light, where it swells and fumes greasily.

"And then you put it in your pipe." The smoking pellet is jammed into the tiny bowl of the thick, bamboo-stemmed pipe and all speech ceases except the unearthly noise of the mongoose.

AN OPIUM REVEL.

The man on the ground is sucking at his pipe, and when the smoking pellet has ceased to smoke will be halfway to Nibhan.

"Now you go," says the Man with the Mongoose. "I am going to smoke."

The hut door closes upon a red-lit view of huddled legs and bodies, and the Man with the Mongoose sinking on to his knees, his head bowed forward, and the little hairy devil chattering on the nape of his neck.

After this the fetid night air seems almost cool, for the hut is hot as a furnace. "See the pukkak chandu shops in full blast to-morrow. Now for Coloo-tollah. Come through the huts. There is no decoration about this vice."

The huts now give place to houses very tall and spacious and very dark. But for the narrowness of the streets we might have stumbled upon Chouringhi in the dark. An hour and a half has passed, and up to this time we have not crossed our trail once.

"You might knock about the city for a night, and never cross the same line. Recollect, Calcutta isn't one of your poky, up-country cities, of a lakh and a half of people."

"How long does it take to know it, then?"

"About a lifetime, and even then some of the streets puzzle you!"

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"How much has the head of a ward to know?"

"Every house in his ward if he can, who owns it, what sort of character the inhabitants are; who are their friends, who go out and in, who loaf about the place at night; and so on and so on."

"And he knows all this by night as well as by day?"

"Of course. Why shouldn't he?"

"No reason in the world. Only it's pitchy black just now, and I'd like to see where this alley is going to end."

"Round the corner, beyond that dead-wall. There's a lamp there. Then you'll be able to see."

A shadow flits out of a gully and disappears.

"Who's that?"

"Sergeant of police, just to see where we're going in case of accidents."

Another shadow staggers into the darkness. "Who's that?"

"Man from the fort, or a sailor from the ships. I couldn't quite see."

The police open a shut door in high wall, and stumble unceremoniously among a gang of women cooking their food. The floor is of beaten earth, the steps that lead into the upper stories are unspeakably grimy, and the heat is the heat of April. The women rise hastily, and the light of the bull's-eye—for the police have now lighted a lantern in regular "rounds of London" fashion—shows six bleared faces: one a half-native, half-Chinese one, and the others Bengali.

"NO MEN HERE!"

"There are no men here!" they cry. "The house is empty."

Then they grin and jabber and chew pan and spit, and hurry up the steps into the darkness. A range of three big rooms has been knocked into one here, and there is some sort of arrangement of mats. But an average country-bred is more sumptuously accommodated in an Englishman's stable. A home horse would snort at the accommodation.

"Nice sort of place, isn't it?" say the police genially. "This is where the sailors get robbed and drunk."

"They must be blind drunk before they come."

"Na—na! Na sailor men ee-yah!" chorus the women, catching at the one word they could understand. "Arl gone!"

The police take notice, but tramp down the room with the mat loose-boxes.

A woman is shivering in one of these.

"What's the matter?"

"Fever Seek; vary, vary seek." She huddles herself into a heap on the charpoy and groans.

A tiny, pitch-black closet opens out of the long room, and into this the police plunge.

"Hullo! What's here?"

Down flashes the lantern, and a white hand with black nails comes out of the gloom. Somebody is asleep or drunk in the cot. The ring of lantern-light travels slowly up and down the body. "A sailor from the ships. He's got his dungarees on. He'll be robbed before the morning most likely."

VICE WITHOUT MASK.

The man is sleeping like a little child, both arms thrown over his head, and he is not unhandsome. He is shoeless, and there are huge holes in his stockings. He is a pure-blooded white and carries the flush of innocent sleep on his cheeks.

The light is turned off and the police depart, while the woman in the loose-box shivers and moans that she is "seek; vary, vary seek." It is not surprising.

HELL!

Last night I had a strange, strange dream,
I'll tell what me befell;
Alas, things are not what they seem,
I dreamed I went to hell.

The devil met me at the gate,
He gently pressed a bell;
Before my eyes were wonders great,
Thought I, "Can this be hell?"

The streets were lined with beauteous flowers
And many a pearly shell;
On every side were lovers' bowers,
Said I, "Can this be hell?"

The palaces were made of gold—
Their wonders who can tell?
My orbs of blue in wonder rolled,
Thought I, "Can this be hell?"

Unto the devil then said I,
"Old man, I pray you tell,
Where are the girls, for them I sigh,
In this most gorgeous hell."

"Alas," said he, "I greatly fear,
You'll think this place a sell;
There are no girls allowed in here."
I howled, "Well this *is* hell."

C. E. B.

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MARIE CELESTE IN SUMMER GARB AT NARRAGANSETT.

Miss Celeste is the singer whose warblings have frequently been known to draw tears to the eyes of a property Indian. She also tra-la-las gayly at times.

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Photo by Schloss, New York.

A Broadway Beauty. MOLLIE GAYLOR, of Weber & Fields'.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY

Mr. and Mrs. James K. Hackett (Mary Mannering).

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Sothern (Virginia Harned).

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stevenson (Kate Claxton).

THE title really tells the whole story. This interesting collection has been gathered for the purpose of giving an object lesson to the thousands of women who are regular readers of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE.

Actors seem to be almost human so far as selecting mates is concerned. Some of our favorite American players have been so busy in the matrimonial

1. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hallen (Mollie Fuller).
2. Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Barrymore, 1 and 2.
(1. Georgie Drew ; 2. Mamie Floyd.)

Letter copyrighted by B. J. Falk, New York.

3. Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Morgan (Adelaide Cushman).
4. Mr. and Mrs. John Mason (Marion Manola).
5. Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Boucicault (Amy Busby).

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1. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Kelcey (Caroline Hill).
2. Mr. and Mrs. N. C. Goodwin. (1. Eliza Wethersby; 2. Maxine Elliott.)
3. The late E. J. Henley and Mrs. Henley (Helen Bertram).
4. Mr. and Mrs. Otis Skinner.
5. The late Alexander Salvini and Mrs. Salvini (Maude Dixon).

market that it has been difficult to keep track of their alliances. For instance, there is one shy in the case of Mr. Goodwin as well as that of Aubrey Boucicault.

There are several million of unmarried women in the United States. Some of them don't want to marry, others do, and a lot of them can't. Here's their opportunity. Let them study these pictures carefully and endeavor to capture a few of the unencumbered young men of the footlights whose names appear in the appended list. There are just a few others who are also eligible, but surely these are sufficient as a starting-point for the most rabid husband-hunter that ever consulted a dream-book.

ELIGIBLE ACTOR-BACHELORS.

WALTER JONES; age, 27; good looking; in "Man in the Moon." Salary, $200 per week.
JOS. WHEELOCK, JR.; age, 23; passing fair; Charles Frohman's forces. Salary, $100 per week.
JOSEPH HAWORTH; age, 39; not too handsome. Salary, $200 per week.
JULIUS STEGER; age, 38; sings like a bird. Salary, $150 per week.
HARRY DAVENPORT; age, 30; a beautiful blond; in "The Rounders." Salary, $100 per week.
E. SHERRY MATTHEWS; age, 30; beautiful curly hair; co-star with Harry Bulger. Profits, about $9,000 a year.
CHARLES J. RICHMAN; age, 32; has been leading man with Frohman. Salary, $200 per week.

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RANK RACING AT BRIGHTON BEACH.

"LODESTAR" SCORES PRESIDENT ENGEMAN AND THE STEWARDS—FORM OF NO VALUE AT BRIGHTON—"PITTSBURGH PHIL" AND HIS SQUEAL—JOCKEYS WHO NEED WATCHING—ETHELBERT THE BEST

A TALE OF BRIGHTON'S WOE.

Racing for this year at least is over at Brighton Beach, and few will regret it and as few forget what has been a memorable meeting in more ways than one. There was a time, some years ago, when that racing hotbed in New Jersey, yclept Guttenburg, was the scene of all kinds of queer races, and reversals of form were so common as to fail to cause even passing comment. Perhaps Guttenburg was warm, but compared with Brighton it was a cold Johnny Cake. At Guttenburg it was every thing goes but the hired girl, while the "little track by the sea" is under the espionage of that austere body of turf censors—the Jockey Club.

President Engeman is a nice fellow and has spent his money like a drunken sailor trying to make a go of the Brighton track. He is deserving of success, but he foolishly allowed himself to be selected as one of the stewards at Brighton, and there is where he made a mistake. The old shell game was a lead pipe compared with Brighton. Dope? Well, if you played dope during the recent meeting you did not cash in, for form cut but little figure in the races that were run at Mr. Engeman's track.

THE MEN WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE.

Who was to blame? That is a nice question. In the first place, I would say the stewards, who allowed to be run under their noses a number of races which were so palpably the reverse of form, to say the least, that the veriest tyro turned away in disgust. But while the stewards were passive, I don't mean to connect them with any irregularities; they were merely dummies. The active workers were to be found in the paddock and in the ring.

KEEP AN EYE ON THE BOYS.

For some time past rumor has made free with the names of several light-weight jockeys, who are supposed to have commissioners placing their money, and if the queer rides put up by these boys are any criterion, they should be put on the ground for life. Danny Maher got off very easy for his performance on Banastar, on July 4th, but O'Connor, Spencer, Turner, O'Leary and a few others seem to be tempting fate.

NO SYMPATHY FOR "PITTSBURGH PHIL."

I was much interested in reading some weeks ago that "Pittsburgh Phil," Geo. E. Smith, had found the Brighton game too hard; so hard, in fact, that he allowed himself to talk quite unreservedly for publication. When a plunger squeals, what chance has an outsider to beat the layers? I must confess that I have no sympathy for "Pittsburgh Phil." He has been caught at his own game. He has been pulling off coups at the expense of the public for several years, and if he has quit for good the turf is well rid of him and such of his stripe. These plungers are really responsible for any crookedness that may be found among the jockeys. They have a good thing bottled up, perhaps a horse which has been started once or twice among selling platers, and has finished outside the money. Then he is put in among horses which on form outclass him and the odds are long. A big commission is sent to the ring, and to make assurance doubly sure, the jockey is promised a substantial reward. No; the turf will be better without these so-called plungers.

ETHELBERT-MARTIMAS DISCUSSION.

Some people seem to think that Ethelbert is not the best three-year-old out, but I don't agree with them. The only colt shown so far, which seems to be anywhere near the son of Eothen and Moari, is the Canadian-owned colt Martimas, and good colt as the son of Candlemas is, I don't think he can exercise Ethelbert. By the way, the Kanucks went down the line in great shape on Martimas in the Brighton Handicap, and they were a rather glum crowd as they took the train for the city that

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PRETTY AGNES DALMA, WHO IS SINGING SAUCY SONGS IN SETTINGS OF RURAL SIMPLICITY.

Mlle. Dalma is about the briskest of the singers now before Parisian music-hall audiences. If she ever comes to this country her songs will have to be trimmed on the edges. F. L.

night, their hats swathed with white muslin like a band of East Indian snake charmers. Later on, when the mood of Scotch high balls rested upon the bunch like a benediction, they declared themselves ready to again back Martimas against Ethelbert. Well, they had an opportunity the following Tuesday, and with the same result. "LODESTAR."

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Taken especially for the Broadway Magazine by Vander Weyde, New York.

CONEY ISLAND BATHING SNAP-SHOTS OF ACTRESSES.

The figures in these pictures belong to Miss Rose Sydell, Miss Crissie Sheridan and Miss Anna Sheridan The two former are well known throughout the country as burlesque actresses. They posed in this wise for Mr. Vander Weyde, whose ever-ready camera took advantage of the opportunity offered. It will be noticed that the three girls appear to be quite happy about something or other. We cannot explain the reason thereof, and Mr. Vander Weyde is mute on the subject. It should be stated, so as avert all possible misunderstanding, that the mermaids on the margin of this picture were drawn by Mr. Gordon, of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE art staff.

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Three more snap-shots of the Misses Sydell and Sheridan. By Vander Weyde, New York.

Gin Fizzes and Things.

IS LILLIAN RUSSELL MARRIED AGAIN?—Is Lillian Russell Mrs. Jesse Lewisohn? This question has been disturbing Broadwayites for the past few weeks. Mr. Lewisohn has for nearly two years been seen much in the company of Miss Russell, and only a year ago it was rumored that they were engaged, although the rumor was not verified at the time. A familiar sight in Central Park has been the ever-beauteous Lillian seated in a high cart beside Mr. Lewisohn, who handles the reins like an expert, and who, besides being a pretty decent fellow, is also a clear-cut type of the well-to-do New Yorker. He is the son of Jesse Lewisohn, the man who has made his millions in copper. Jesse has had for a long time an allowance of a paltry one thousand dollars a week with which he has managed to get along without running into debt. It has been currently reported that he made an even $150,000 in the copper market this summer and that this made him feel somewhat more independent and able to keep a wife like Miss Russell, who certainly knows what good living is. They would make a couple nice to look upon, and I am quite sure that the old gentleman will do the proper thing by a son who could lose his heart to a woman as fascinating as the Lillian Russell of to-day.

AUBREY BREAKS HIS SILENCE.—Aubrey Boucicault refuses to merely look handsome and say nothing. If he would only keep his mouth closed he would be bearable. I'll bet his cable to Richard Dorney asking for terms for Daly's Theatre was never answered. I don't think there is any man in New York foolish enough to waste cable-money on the effervescent Aubrey. That youngster is more tiresome than a mile-run in rubber boots.

ROSE COGHLAN'S LATEST MOVE.—And now it's Rose Coghlan who declares herself a bankrupt. Here is a woman who is easily able to earn $200 a week right through the theatrical season. She occasionally finds the opportunity and money for a sojourn in the country, a trip to Europe and other trifles that cannot be secured for nothing. She

TYPICAL BROADWAYITES. No. 2.
Ollie Teall, the distinguished New York citizen, philanthropist and patriot, and his colored valet on a tandem. Drawn from life by George B. Luks, who says that the portrait is perfect.

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Mrs. Leiter, the society woman who entered vaudeville and didn't make an overwhelming success. From a photograph by Eddowes, New York. Mrs. Leiter is related to Levi Z. Leiter, the millionaire, whose daughter is now Vicereine of India. Mrs. Leiter made her début in New York City in a so-called society sketch. There was no conflagration to speak of, and Mrs. Leiter has made up her mind that vaudevilling isn't the easiest thing in the world.

goes into a business venture, runs into debt, and as soon as some of her creditors inconvenience her by asking payment she declares herself a bankrupt. There is not a single one of her creditors who would not gladly have accepted something on account. As it is, Miss Coghlan, who has a husband and who makes considerably more money than is required for living expenses, takes advantage of a law which has done more to add to the army of irresponsibles than any other Act that has ever been passed in this country.

WE ARE SAFE FROM MRS. MOORE.—It seems after all that the pretty but not altogether commendable Fayne Moore is not to go on the stage. Of course, no one has ever accused her of being able to act. Art and sensation are rarely synonymous. The Blaney-Vance Amusement Company, at one time so prolific in press notices regarding their intention to star Fayne Moore, are now quite as energetic in disclaiming any connection with the woman who escaped jail on a mere technicality. Fayne Moore, if she ever goes upon the stage, should take her place beside the human grizzly bear and the porgy-faced man at Huber's Museum.

MAUDE DIXON IN CLOVER.—One of the prettiest things I have seen in town this warm summer was little Mrs. Riley Grannan, the erstwhile Maude Dixon, airily perched on the edge of a chair on the Casino Roof Garden and attired in the fluffiest of summer garb. Maude Dixon was one of the prettiest and tiniest of the young women who have played at the Casino. She is somewhat on the Gladys Wallis order, and altogether a luscious little bit of femininity. Her marriage to the race-horse plunger was in the nature of a surprise to Broadway.

THE MILLER AND MORGAN SEPARATION.—They say that E. J. Morgan did not leave Miller's company in San Francisco and come East in a hurry simply because his throat bothered him. Morgan came, because, like a few others on earth, he could not get along with Miller, and this, too, notwithstanding the fact that they are to appear together in a New York production. There has developed in Mr. Miller in the

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last few years what is technically known as a nasty temper. Members of his company have told me that it is simply impossible to get along with him, and that his attitude towards some of the women who have played with him has been insufferably caddish and altogether uncalled for. If this isn't true, at least a half-dozen players lie in their teeth.

THE PONIES ON PARADE.—The members of the Pony Ballet that George Lederer brought over from London to appear in "The Man in the Moon," have attended strictly to business since they came here. This, however, has not been the fault of a few men who have endeavored to form their acquaintance and to launch them out upon a career of champagne, broiled lobster and 1 A.M. The girls, who range from fourteen to seventeen years of age, have been boarding on West Forty-seventh and West Forty-eighth Streets. They are typical frowzy-headed little Cockneys and not especially beautiful. They are, however, by all odds the cleverest young dancers that have been seen in this country for years.

MISS FARRINGTON BACK AGAIN.—Nina Farrington, one time Queen of the Casino as well as Chicago's Princess of Bohemia, has of late been considerably in evidence in New York. Her constant attendant has been "Joe" Leiter, who really belongs on Broadway where his good nature and his generosity are unquestioned and appreciated.

A DASTARDLY PROCEEDING.—I shall be surprised if there are not some libel suits against the publishers of a book called "Who's Who?" It lays bare to the idle gaze of a coarse world the innermost secrets of some famous women. For instance, it tells us that Lillian Russell is 38, Maggie Mitchell 67, Rose Coghlan 46, Marie Tempest 33, and Ellen Terry 51. Maude Adams, however, if she cares at all about such things, should feel pleased, as she is put down at 27.

WILKISON AND "A LADY OF QUALITY."—W. M. Wilkison, who managed the late Salvini, the younger, was so pleased by his jaunt with "A Lady of Quality" and Eugenie Blair last season, that he will probably take the piece this Fall if he can make arrangements to control it absolutely. "A Lady of Quality" is an exceedingly expensive production, and if a manager is restricted as to territory he might find it difficult to make good. There are parts of the country, however, in which the Burnett piece has not been played, and Wilkison believes that with an unrestricted territory he will be able to make "A Lady of Quality" a piece of property worth having.

THE MAN ON BROADWAY.

A successful vaudevillier, Pacrice, who has another name, but we don't know what it is. Photo by Stein, Milwaukee.

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Broadway Magazine.

The Pursuit of Virtue

by Gordon Palmer

A CONTINUED "TALE OF BROADWAY."*

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Marie Clarkson, the heroine of the story, a pretty little shop-girl, is admired by Charles Fairbanks, a dissipated but chivalrous young New Yorker. He takes her one evening to a restaurant on Broadway where they see Helen Besley, an old flame of Fairbanks' and now a woman about town, sitting at a table with Smalley, a wealthy boor. Helen, goaded by Fairbanks' obvious regard for the innocent Marie, comes up and insults her so that she faints and has to be taken to her boarding-house in a cab. Her landlady, Mrs. Ball, a vulgar and cruel woman, tells Marie she must leave the house in a week's time. In the meantime, Helen Besley, who has made an attempt to attract Fairbanks to her side once more and has failed, decides to vent her spite upon Marie. She goes to the store where the latter is employed, and suddenly accuses her of trying to steal her pocket-book. The floor-walker, J. Montgomery Robinson, whose bold advances have been several times repulsed by Marie, willingly corroborates the lying accusation, and the unfortunate shop-girl is haled off to the Nineteenth Precinct police station. In the morning she is released at Jefferson Market Court by the happy intervention of a man named Pilkington, who also is a boarder at Mrs. Ball's, and who confounds Helen Besley so that she withdraws the charge. While Marie and Fairbanks are walking down Broadway after dinner, Marie is accosted familiarly by a man named Fielding, who has been hired by the Besley woman. Fairbanks promptly knocks him down. Fairbanks gives up his apartments to Marie for the night, and leaves her in charge of the janitor's wife, who is called away. During her absence Helen and her friends make their appearance on the scene. Marie is locked in the apartment, crowned Queen and put on a table around which the conspirators dance. She refuses to drink wine with the revelers, and is seized by Fielding, who intends to force her to drink. This ends the August installment.

CHAPTER XI.

HOLDING a glass in one hand and grasping her waist with the other, Fielding tried to pour the brandy down Marie's lips. The girl was now beside herself with rage, mortification and fear. She struggled and screamed in her terror, and once when Fielding relaxed his hold, with her utmost effort she freed her hands and, with the quickness of desperation, dug her nails deep into his flesh. He winced with the pain and swore in anger when his companions grinned in glee at his discomfiture.

Fielding now felt the fury of a brute. Taking the quivering form of Marie in his strong arms he pressed her close to him, peered with parted lips into her eyes, now slowly closing, and muttered between his teeth: "Damn you, I'll win if I have to kill you." Then turning to Helen, he said angrily: "Take the rest of them into the dining-room, I'll attend to her case alone." And as he said it the slight form he grasped grew limp in his arms.

Marie had fainted.

Helen now grew scared. She had hardly counted on more than a revel in which things would be made exceedingly unpleasant for Marie. The girl's distress had not appealed to what little heart she had left. Only the thought of serious consequences made her put a stop to the proceedings.

"Let her go, Fielding, you fool! If you hadn't been so rough the girl would not have fainted."

Fielding, with the nail-marks showing in livid stripes on his wicked face, went into a rage and cursed Helen with an enthusiasm and energy almost inspiring.

"You've got a nerve" said he. "Here I was trying to pluck the feathers of your bird, and you give me a game of talk. Go, chase yourself, will you?"

But Helen wouldn't. Instead, she bit her nails in perplexity, and took a turn around the room. Then some thought seemed to strike her. She went up to "Kid" Annie, who had been calmly smoking a cigarette, and said: "'Kid,' I've got an idea. We'll take the lamb up to your place. This will save us trouble and besides the girl will then be in my power. I'll see about getting her out. Go, get a cab. Sneak!"

"Kid" Annie did as directed. Then Helen, turning to the others, said: "Now, you chumps, just give me a hand, and I'll fix this lady so she'll be dead to the world." Out of the folds of her dress somewhere, she took a small bottle and

* This story began in the May issue.
Back numbers may be obtained from newsdealers or the publishers.

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held it up to the nostrils of Marie, who was just beginning to move and moan.

"Ether!" said the Zericka, sniffing. "I thought you gave up the 'white stuff.'"

Helen did not answer. When she felt sure Marie was sufficiently overcome by the drug, she turned to Fielding and Courtney. "Here, you guys, take her between you and I'll fix the elevator man. Follow me in exactly two minutes and I'll be ready down stairs with 'Kid' and the cab."

She arranged Marie's hat and then passed out into the hall. It was late at night and there was no one about but the elevator man.

"See here," said Helen, "some friends of mine have been drinking and one is pretty full. We're going to take her home in a cab. Here's a dollar for holding your face still."

In less than three minutes the limp form of Marie was borne down to the street and deposited in the cab, which drove off with the three women while the men separated and drifted off into the night.

Chapter XII.

An early morning hour found Mrs. Grogan at the Gilsey House where Fairbanks had told her he would go. She had returned to the Lorelley apartments after her fruitless journey to Brooklyn, and she was told of the departure of the Besley party. Then she went to Fairbanks' door and finding it open and her charge gone, she knew at once that Marie was in danger. When Fairbanks heard her story he was furious. Even the tears of the heartbroken Grogan did not soften him. After getting all the details, Fairbanks' first thought was of Helen, and he went at once to her flat, only to learn from the maid that her mistress had not been in all night.

Marie's strange friend, Pilkington, at once came into his thoughts, and he was soon down at Mrs. Ball's dingy house, where he found Pilkington reading his *Sun* at the breakfast-table.

As soon as Pilkington saw Fairbanks he knew intuitively that there was trouble.

"Mr. Pilkington," said Fairbanks, "Miss Clarkson was kidnapped from my rooms last night. I went to a hotel and left her in charge of the janitor's wife, who was called to Brooklyn by a decoy telegram. We must find her at once." And in every word he showed the anxiety and sorrow he felt.

Pilkington by this time was ready for the street.

"It looks nasty. Of course, you suspect Fannie Bentley, *alias* Helen Besley?" questioned the older man.

"Yes," said Fairbanks. "In fact, I've just been up to her flat and she hasn't been in all night."

"That's it exactly. Now, how many women did the janitress say were in the party?"

"Three," was the answer.

"Then, if Bentley was one of the three the other two must be—let's see," and he thought deeply for a moment. "Zericka is back from her vacation up the river, and Belle the Bracer and "Kid" Annie are in town and they're all in Bentley's gang. I'll go up to Thirtieth street and ask a question or two."

The sergeant at the desk in the Nineteenth Precinct station evidently knew Pilkington when the two men walked in.

"Where's Bascom?" Pilkington asked the sergeant.

"Heh, Bascom!" called out the sergeant to a man in the back room, "old 'Pil' wants to see you."

Through a rear door stepped John Bascom, one of the cleverest and best known "fly-cops"* in New York. Bascom was a perfect type of the metropolitan detective, albeit he was unlike the type usually exploited in the newspaper and on the stage. He was tall, trim as to girth, and wore his handsome head on a pair of shoulders that could only have belonged to an athlete. His curly black hair might have fitly adorned a matinée actor, but his chin and eyes were too good and strong for any but a forceful personality. He had on a collar somewhat higher than those usually worn by members of the police or detective force. On the right side of his neck was a long, deep seam—a gift from "Second-story Ike," a famous burglar who made the presentation before going on an extended stay at Sing Sing, to which hostelry he had been tenderly and securely consigned through the efforts of Bascom.

As the detective came forward he held out a generous hand and showed his large white teeth as he smiled good-naturedly.

"Hello, 'Pil,' old war-horse," was his greeting. "Haven't seen you around for a month. What's up now? Pipe your lay."

Pilkington introduced Fairbanks to Bascom. Then he asked: "John, is Fannie Zericka home again?"

* A detective in plain clothes.

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SOME HAMLET LEGS OF FAMOUS PLAYERS. APROPOS OF THE RECENT CONTROVERSY.

Forbes Robertson. Siddons. Fechter. Tree. Garrick.

"Yes; and on the bum. She's been living in a furnished room in Seventh Avenue, and hasn't turned a trick in a month. We're watching her so sharp that she'll have to give up the game or get married."

"'Belle the Bracer' is around, eh?"

"Not on your life. She went out on the New York Central this morning with Fred Peters, of Chicago headquarters. She picked up some knick-knacks out there, and she's good for a two-spot."

"And 'Annie the Kid?'"

"Got a fine dope layout up on Forty-——— Street, and she says she can't complain."

"How big a place is it?"

"It's the old place that Josie Mansfield used to have when she flew high."

"Big enough for an extra boarder or two, eh?"

"Sure."

"Much obliged, John. See you again. Good-day." And Fairbanks and his companion left.

"We'll take a cable car up to Forty-——— Street," said Pilkington.

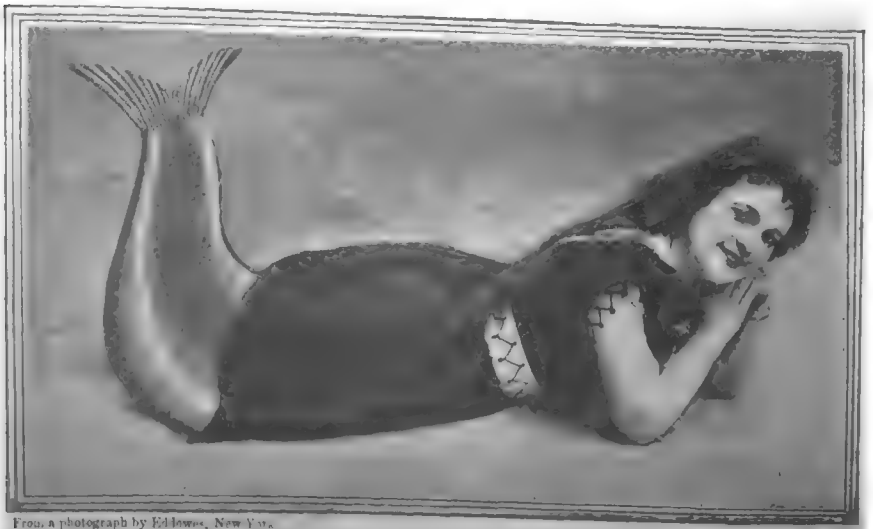
When they arrived at their street, Pilkington told Fairbanks to wait on the corner, which he unwillingly did, while his odd companion went west. A walk of a few yards brought him in front of an apartment house that has given more sensational stories to the New York papers than almost any other building in New York. Pilkington stepped into the vestibule, examined the name plates, rang one of the bells, and in another moment was making his way to the fourth floor. When he had reached it, he found a door open, and standing in it the burly form of a big negress.

"I want to see the 'Kid,' said Pilkington, as he tried to pass by the woman.

"Dere ain't no kid here," said the negress angrily, "and yo' can't come in. Go 'long 'bout yo'self, man, or dere'll be trouble."

At that moment Pilkington was startled by a long screech of mingled fear and pain. It came from the inside. It was repeated again with greater note of agony just as the negress slammed the door in Pilkington's face.

(*To be continued next month.*)



From a photograph by Edelmann, New York.

PAULINE WILLARD AS A MERMAID OF THE STUDIO.

Google

Drawn by artist Howe from life at the Adelphi Theatre, London.

BERNHARDT'S SMALL, THIN HAMLET.

Shakespeare made *Hamlet* fat; so we are told by those students who do not contend that the damp and dismal Dane was a physical weakling; at any rate, Bernhardt, who is thin almost to angularity, has made of *Hamlet* such an attenuated princelet that London and Paris have discussed her in a somewhat foolishly heated manner, and poor W. Shakespeare has not, by the immutable laws of the Unknown, been able to enter into the controversy at all. Here we have Bernhardt in the costume which gave rise to the duel between two French critics, who also were four-ply idiots.

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A CLEVER AMERICAN STAGE COUPLE.

ROBERT ROGERS AND LOUISE MACKINTOSH (MRS. ROGERS).

Robert Rogers is the unctuous type of comedian. He has done excellent work in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and "Never Again," and has been prominent in stock companies for a number of years. This season he will be seen in Rosenfeld's "The Purple Lady."

Louise Mackintosh is one of America's cleverest character actresses. She made her début in Sol Smith Russell's company. For some seasons she has been prominent in stock work, having appeared in more than one hundred plays. Miss Mackintosh, whose notable work as *Mme. Vinard* in "Trilby," was highly commended, will also appear in "The Purple Lady" this season.

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WHO THEY ARE AND WHOSE THEY ARE.

Maggie Gault is Mrs. C. W. Compton.
Julia Gaylord is Mme. Packard.
Minnie Geoffreys is Minnie Jeffreys.
Florence Gerard is the widow of the late Henry E. Abbey.
Effie German was the wife of Carlo Patti. She is now Mrs. Nelse Seymour.
Sylvia Gerrish was born Lillie Rollins, and is now Mrs. Hilton.
Etelka Gerster is Madame Gardini.
Anna Gibbenson is Mrs. John W. Kelly.
Belle Gilbert is Mrs. J. M. Gilbert.
Ella Gilbert is Mrs. John H. Reed.
Maud Gilbert is Mrs. Z. T. Aldrich.
Margaret Gilmore is divorced from W. G. Gilmore.
Kate Glassford is Mrs. E. T. Ten Eyck.
Ida Glen married Frank Perley.
Hope Glen is Mrs. Richard Heard.
Ida Glover is Mrs. Henry E. Dixey.
Amelia Glover, born Duryea, is the widow of the late John H. Russell.
Carrie Godfrey married William Thompson.
Beatrice Gold is Belle Dunigan.
Bella Gold is Becky Goldberg.
Jennie Goldthwaite is Mrs. Frank Murphy.
Maud Gollman is Mrs. Hocum.
Sarah Goodrich is Mrs. E. F. Knowles.
Marie Gordon was Mrs. John T. Raymond I.
Fannie Granger was Mrs. Milton Scott.
Maude Granger first wedded William R. Baxter, afterwards Alfred Follin, a nephew of Frank Leslie. She is now the wife of Robert Germaine, an actor.
Nellie Granville and Laurence Lee are divorced.
Gertie Granville was once Mrs. Wm. J. Fleming. She afterwards married Tony Hart, now dead.
Emma Grattan married Harry Courtaine.
Ada Gray was once Mrs. Chas. Watkins. She is now Mrs. Charles Tingay.
Alice Gray is Mrs. W. Lawson.
Lillie Gray was Mrs. Edward Solomon I.
Minnie Oscar Gray is Mrs. W. T. Stephens.
Nellie Gray is Mrs. William Queen.
Amelia Green was Mrs. N. H. Banister.
Belle Green is Mrs. P. A. Woods.
Katherine Grey was Mrs. Paul Arthur.
Lillian Grubb was the wife of Manager David Hayman.
Yvette Guilbert is Mrs. Dr. Schiller.
Jane Hading is Mme. Victor Koenig.
Rose Hagedon is Mrs. Paul Laasner.
Hilda Hagstrom is Mrs. Nelson Tucker.
Ada Hall was Mrs. T. S. Dare.
Edith Hall is Mrs. Frank Gilpin.
Frankie Hall is Mrs. Frank Murphy.
May Hallahan is Mrs. A. W. Cole.

(*To be continued next month.*)

VIVA BLACKBURN.

Photo by Bassett, New York.

PERTINENT PERSONALS FROM PANTING PEOPLE.

ATTRACTIVE politician is tired of his wife. Who wants him? Elderly women need not apply. MUSTACHE, Box 2.

DASHING, dark-eyed, soulful, passionate young Parisian widow, very innocent and not long in this country, and knowing nothing of its customs or language, needs money. No agents and no fakes. This is on the level and gentlemen must not take liberties. FIFINE, Box 80.

DIVORCES GUARANTEED.—We guarantee to make all sorts of trouble between husbands and wives no matter how happy previously. Call on us or write. LOATHSUM & SMARTE, Broadway.

Will marry somebody. No objection to anybody. OLD MAID, Box 473.

MARY.—Unless you return home at once I shall not commit suicide. GEORGE.

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Louise Hepner's latest photos. By Talma, Melbourne.

LETTERS TO A SALVATION ARMY LASS.

Some communications received by Miss Louise Hepner, who has been playing in "The Belle of New York" at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, Australia.*

The Salvation Army.

Telegraphic address: "Salvation, Melbourne."

Telephone 1544.

Personal Letters to be so marked.

Territorial Headquarters for: Australasia, Melanesia, and the Eastern Archipelago.

69 *Bourke Street, Melbourne.*

MISS LOUISE HEPNER,
"Belle of N. Y." Co.

Dear Miss Hepner:

Doubtless you will be surprised when you receive this epistle, as you will rarely, if ever, get a message from those who *never* visit theatres except for the purpose of bringing forward the claims of *Christ* upon the hearts and consciences of men. I have, however, taken the liberty of writing to you, knowing that you are devoting your talents and beauty at the present time to delineating the character of a S. A. lassie.

Apart from the *critiques* passed in the newspapers upon the "extravaganza" in which you appear, I know nothing about it; but, if you will pardon my saying so, I think—as a humble Salvationist—that it is a thousand pities that you are throwing away your bright, talented life in gratifying that desire for *satisfaction*, which can *never* be satisfied by a hollow, unreal world whose brightness is as transient as that of the "Princess" itself when the electric motor ceases to operate, and whose favor is as fickle as Dame Fortune herself.

God has gifted you, I should think, with a beautiful face and form. What for? I should answer: For His glory. The good old Bible teaches us that we are "bought with a price," and that price is "the precious blood of Christ," and we are taught "to glorify God in our mortal *bodies* which *are His*." And you doubtless could *really* lead others to Christ, to goodness, to purity and to Eternal Life and Light, if you *surrendered to God* His own.

Please don't think I am preaching at you. I hope that God will one day Himself lead you to the Light of Christ's Salvation. But the real point of my letter is to invite you—on my own responsibility—to come and hear the General on *Sunday* if you can. He preaches at the Exhibition at 11, 3, and 6:30. I inclose two reserved-seat tickets which will enable you to secure a good position at any *one* of these meetings.

I am, dear Miss Hepner,
Yours faithfully,
GEO. M. WHERINGTON.

* EDITOR'S NOTE.—Miss Hepner has made an undoubted hit in Australia, where she has played the part in which Edna May was first seen at the New York Casino. Miss Hepner, by the way, was originally thought of by Mr. Lederer in connection with the rôle. Miss Hepner, at this writing, is preparing to sail for America.

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TO OUR READERS!

Volume III. of the BROADWAY MAGAZINE is really a remarkable book. No other publication on earth contains so many beautiful pictures. Volume III. (now ready) contains the issues from April to September, '99. Price, $1.00. Order through your newsdealer, or remit in stamps, cash, check or money-order.

MME. ROSA LINDE,

The eminent concert and oratorio artiste, who will sing in Italy after the completion of her engagements in this country.

DEAR MISS HEPNER.

My friend, Miss Osmond, had asked me to meet you on Friday last and I was exceedingly sorry not to see you.

I must thank you for your delightful performance as the Belle of New York. I was at the theatre last night and enjoyed it thoroughly.

Would you care to come to afternoon tea at the Austral Salon with me on next Monday? I should be so pleased to have you and I know all our members would be, too. The Austral Salon is a club in the style of the Women's Club in New York, and we are always delighted to welcome bright, clever people like you.

Miss Osmond has promised to see you and explain more fully.

If you can come, as I do hope you will, I will send you an entrée card immediately.

Believe me,
Most sincerely
yours, A. M. LIET.

MADAME LIET,
The Block,
MELBOURNE.

MARGUERITE SYLVA AT ATLANTIC CITY.
That is to say, the scene represented Atlantic City when Miss Sylva posed in the Eddowes gallery, New York.

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(From our Special London Correspondent.)

EDNA HOPPER MAY WED AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.

The Perry Belmonts are Angry with the United States.—Clement Scott and an American Lecture Tour.—Tod Sloan and Rieff are Jealous.

London, August, 1899.

Edna Wallace Hopper is not worrying very much about the reported marriage of De Wolf Hopper and Nella Bergen. She is altogether too busily engaged with her own prospective marital affairs to bestow much thought on her ex-husband. At the present time an eminent American statesman, a man of millions and a power in the Democratic party of the United States, is paying most assiduous court to Miss Hopper. There is not the slightest doubt that for months he has been madly infatuated with her, although I have no proof that she reciprocates in even the slightest degree. The ardent though not too youthful wooer came to London before Miss Hopper left London for the American side. I am informed that he endeavored to induce Miss Hopper to become his wife at once. That little lady, however, does not have to hurry so far as matrimony is concerned. She is still young, is exceedingly attractive, and so many hearts have been laid at her feet that this sort of thing no longer has the merit of novelty. One thing is certain. If Miss Hopper decides to become Mrs. —— —— ——, the marriage will create a veritable sensation in political and the very highest social circles of New York and Newport, where the groom is a well-known clubman, society leader and peculiarly influential. On the other hand, Miss Hopper would at once jump into the very "400" itself, and if she were not accepted by Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Mills and the other grand dames, there would be the biggest kind of a rumpus among the elect. The man in the case has too long been running things in his own way to brook nonsense of any kind.

Henry Irving and his faithful business representative, Bram Stoker, have had a serious quarrel over the refusal of the former to pose in the costume which he wears in "Robespierre." In fact, of late Mr Irving has shown a reluctance to pose for pictures of any kind, and no pictures of him in his latest stage role have been procurable. This has rather upset Stoker, who has an eye to business, and who would like to see *Robespierre* published in all the English papers. Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Potter have been photographed and illustrated, but Mr. Irving has positively refused. This has angered Stoker to such a degree that he sent in his resignation one night, but the next forenoon found him at his desk as usual. Thus the matter stands at this writing.

A furious jealousy has for some time existed between Tod Sloan and Rieff, the American jockey who was presented to the Prince of Wales some time ago. So bitter has been the feeling between the two midgets that a somewhat unpleasant little scene was enacted recently in a London restaurant. Contemptuous and undignified names were bandied, and these might have led to something more violent if friends of both had not stepped in and separated the two little game-cocks.

Lady Randolph Churchill's new magazine, the "Anglo-Saxon," is the biggest kind of a fizzle. It wasn't even unique or beautiful or smart enough to catch on with the swagger crowd. It has been severely left alone by everybody, and as soon as the present subsidy, which I believe amounts to something like £20,000, has been exhausted, you may be pretty sure that the "Anglo-Saxon" will die a lingering but certain death.

It is not improbable that Clement Scott, the man who would not be downed by the joint attacks of the theatrical and newspaper professions, will go to America to lecture next winter. Major Pond of New York has cabled him an offer for a series of ten lectures—five in New York, three in Boston, one in Philadelphia and one in Chicago. It is now a question of price. Scott, I understand, asks something like $1,000 a lecture, which is pretty high even for the luxury of a Scott.

When Rudolph Aronson was here he endeavored to secure Patti for a season in America, but the diva asked such a tremendous figure that Mr. Aronson very wisely declined to bankrupt himself.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Belmont have been spending some time in London. I am afraid this worthy couple are not too much in love with America. As for Mr. Belmont, he is in a particularly unpleasant frame of mind. This may be readily explained. When the family troubles of the Sloanes were first aired in the newspapers in New York, a prodigious effort was made to find out the name of the other man in the case. Heaven and earth were moved to hush up the matter, but it simply wouldn't hush. A certain New York morning newspaper got on the trail and, as a result, so it is rumored, received a certified check for $5,000 with the understanding

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THE LOBSTER AND THE LADY.

Once a lobster loved a lady,
Who had heard that he was shady,
And pretended not to have a
thing to do to him.
He'd a big claw for a sculler,
And was vivid green in color,
But her resolution made the
world seem blue to him.
And his name, I think, was Muller
(Though it wouldn't rhyme to
give the German "ü" to him).

She remarked: "You're animated
By a life that's dissipated,
And your conduct, so I hear, is
reprehensible.
For you're always at late suppers,
And it's you that the hiccoughers
Say have caused them all to act
in style insensible.
Oh, you'll soon be on your uppers—
No use talking, wicked lob.—
it's indefensible!"

Now, the lobster loved her dearly,
And he said: "I'll put it clearly,"
And he spake as follows: "Lis-
ten, sweet, but haughty one!
I am not the chap who leads 'em
So astray. 'Tis I who feeds 'em,
And the one you mean's Cham-
pagne—he is the naughty one.
And his price, I tell you, bleeds 'em—
He's an A1 Tenderloiner, and
a sporty one!"

Then he thought, "The case I win it!"
But his foot he had put in it,
For no sooner did she hear him
give this slight away
Than she said: "Your hasty rating
Proves that Champagne's fascinat-
ing,
And I guess I'll go and get ac-
quainted right away!"
So she went off without waiting,
And the lobster thus saw vanish
all delight away. P. P.

that a story said to be "in type" was not to be published. In exactly five days afterwards all the other New York papers had the story, so that the silence of the one paper in question cost exactly $1,000 a day. While the Belmonts were here they went around very little, and both positively refused to see any newspaper men.

It is rumored here that Charles Frohman tried to induce Paul Arthur to return to America. Arthur, however, is so solidly entrenched in the good graces of Londoners that I do not blame him for not making a change. Arthur is one of the acknowledged matinee heroes over here, and is exceedingly popular in Bohemia London. He and George Edwardes are close personal friends and are always ready to share the good things of life together.

A famous London actor-manager is disconsolate because his leading lady, who is whilom in her choice and inconstant in her affections, has forsaken him for her former leading man who is well-known in America. The leading lady, however, has made such a hit in the actor-manager's company that he is afraid to discharge her. The actor-manager's wife views the situation with much complacency.

JAMES GARDINER CLARKE.

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PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

BY LIONEL STAGGE.

IT appears from late cable dispatches that the youthful Duchess of Marlborough has become popular in England by reason of her remaining a simple American girl. The late Miss Vanderbilt has been everywhere in England this summer—at charity bazaars, at the opera, at Newmarket, and wherever else society and nobility have congregated. At all times she has remained "The young girl from America," as the Prince of Wales dubbed her when she first became mistress of Blenheim. This is a course directly opposite that pursued by some other American girls who have gone to London and made fools of themselves by assuming airs which did not suit them. Not that I think any of the scrawny representatives of England's nobility or royalty can give our American beauties points on good manners. There is, however, such a vast difference between the horribly heavy swells of London and those of America that the latter usually topple over backwards when attempting to shoulder all the agony at the first attempt.

From a photo by Earle, London.

THE LATEST PICTURE OF THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.

AMELIA KÜSSNER, the little Yankee girl with the Paris training and the German name, rather inspires me with a feeling of admiration. She secures almost as much free advertising as Lillian Russell or the Emperor of Germany. That interview of hers with the Czar of Russia was touching, wasn't it? It almost made me weep from very joy—especially as the Czar happened to be away from St. Petersburg when the amiable

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MRS. JOHN A. MACKAY,
Who continues to surprise London.

and astute Miss Küssner was in that city. No doubt the little woman will return to America better equipped than ever to portray the pretty and pudgy faces of our "400." For who wouldn't have a miniature painted by the hand that shook Nicholas's?

Our new Secretary of War, Elihu Root, is as surely a gift to Theodore Roosevelt as he is a sop to the New York Republicans. Mr. Root's fitness for public office is chiefly of a negative order. He has never robbed any hen-roosts or been known to swear in the presence of ladies. On the other hand, his principal claim to recognition at the hands of his country lies in the fact that he was Tweed's counsel in the seventies and later acted as legal adviser to Theodore Roosevelt, who can now safely be considered a friend of the project to renominate McKinley — provided he doesn't want it too badly himself.

AMELIA KÜSSNER,
Who has been to see the Czar.

Mrs. John Mackay is really a remarkable woman. Years ago she went to London with a mountain of money and absolutely no position. To-day her position as a leader is unquestioned, and all she has to do is to send out invitations and her magnificent house is crowded. Her recent entertainments have been especially noteworthy and have made even the knowing English open their eyes in wonderment. I have it on good authority that Mrs. Mackay spends $500,000 a year in England alone!

ELIHU ROOT,
Recently appointed Secretary of War to succeed Russell A. Alger.

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Vol. III. SEPTEMBER, 1899. No. 6.

BROADWAY MAGAZINE

AGAIN the lynching of negroes is forced upon public attention. Horrible crimes have been perpetrated upon the white women of America — one of them so near New York that this time Northerners have felt a desire to indulge in the same awful punishments that are on record in connection with justice in the South. The assault upon a white girl at Coney Island, near the very portals of fashionable Sea Gate, by a band of black monsters was a recent news item in the daily papers. It only served to call attention to the opinion expressed sometime ago by Judge Simeon E. Baldwin, of the Supreme Court bench of Connecticut, who said that in cases of assault on women he believed that the most extreme retaliatory measures should be adopted, and that even *mutilation* was justifiable. All of which is in line with the question already asked in the BROADWAY MAGAZINE apropos of outrages in the South: Is lynching justifiable? It is, if we are to believe Judge Baldwin, whose plea in favor of *mutilation* appeals also to Northerners, who hitherto have been somewhat backward in seeing the justice of the methods adopted by the Southern husband and brother and father; but, now that the most awful and loathsome crime in the calendar is being committed at his very door, he is changing his mind with his temper. Is lynching justifiable? YES!

* * *

Are tights to be discarded? This question, in the abstract of course, has been more or less forcibly presented to the public during the past season by the very managers who cannot answer the query for themselves. Every year sees a diminution in the number of those thin and fat, and blonde and brunette ladies who wear tights with professional aplomb and careless gayety. The laciness and swishing skirtiness which George Edwardes has for years made a feature of his performances at the Gaiety in London, have gradually become a part of our American stage methods. Even E. E. Rice, the Dean of the Dimpled Drama, and a man to whom tights have been the very Alpha and Omega of dramatics, has discarded the obvious tights for the more teasing whisperings of laces and silks, and soft materials in trained and dainty hands. Verily, the American drama is weaving itself into more subtle matter, if tights can be so widely discarded without so much as a murmur from anatomical students.

* * *

It is nice to know that New York drank $2,500,000 in champagne last year. During the same period there were several deaths from starvation, business failures aggregating nearly $10,000,000, and we were at war with Spain. All of which seems to prove that as a nation we are not quite as serious as we might be. However, we licked the Spaniards and told Emperor William, of the spiked moustachios, to go chase himself; and this was worth the expenditure of $2,500,000 in the fizzy, gurgling stuff.

* * *

A number of young American actresses, prominent among whom is Julia Arthur, avow their intention of playing *Hamlet*. The public seems to be more interested in the probable appearance of the legs in the case than in the manner of the character presentation. At best *Hamlet* is about as enlivening as a soggy blanket in a rainstorm, but when played by a woman it is simply a theatric monstrosity.

Volume III. of the Broadway Magazine now ready. 500 Stunning Pictures, $1.00.

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PAULINE MORAN,

The young American girl who went to London to appear at the Alhambra Music Hall.

From a photo by Baker, Columbus, O.

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Types of American Beauty.*

MISS KATHERINE HUTCHINSON,
BOSTON.

* Series began in the August issue and will be continued from month to month.

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FAY TEMPLETON, WHO HA
LEFT WEBER & FIELDS'.
LILLIAN RUSSELL TAKES
HER PLACE.

Miss Templeton has wo
quite a reputation as
singer of "coon" song
and has been one of th
notables on the roo
gardens this seaso

Photo by Falk, New Yor

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MUNSEY AND THAT $3,000,000 OFFER.

NEWS OF NEWSPAPERS AND MEN, NOT TO BE FOUND ELSEWHERE.

WAS FRANK MUNSEY FOOLISH?

When Frank Munsey was on his recent European jaunt, one of the biggest promoters of London offered to form a syndicate and pay Munsey $3,000,000 for his publishing interests in full and to give him a contract as manager for ten years at $30,000 per annum. It may be argued that any publisher who would not accept such an offer must be insane, but you will find that your Uncle Frank knows what he is doing, or, if he doesn't, he splashes around until he finds out. It is possible that to-day Munsey owes a tremendous amount of money to paper-mill owners and other creditors, but the earning capacity of his properties is so big that he is as safe and sound as a dollar. I admire Munsey because he has the courage of his convictions. There is not one man in a hundred who would have attempted such a big game as he has played, and not one in a thousand who would have pulled through triumphantly. Munsey positively refused to be discouraged by anything or anybody. He has made lots of mistakes but he has not been afraid to acknowledge them, and has gone ahead and plugged away until he hit the bull's eye. *Munsey's Magazine* has so long been the leader of the ten-centers that there is no question as to its position. His other publications—the *Puritan*, the *Argosy* and the *Quaker*—he has pulled around from post to pillar in the effort to get them right, and I am willing to bet that he'll do it before he gets through. He has, by the way, closed the hotel which was started on the ruins of the factory he built in New London. That town has been a stone wall for Munsey, but he did the most sensible thing by shutting up and not throwing good money after bad.

MCCLURE-HARPER RUMORS.

The knowing ones say that the McClure-Harper Syndicate will capitalize in the fall for an immense amount and offer the stock to the public. Just why this should be done I cannot say, as the combination could undoubtedly control sufficient capital without resorting to this method. It would be a rather strange coincidence, by the way, if John H. Finlay, of Knox College, and the youngest college president in the United States, should be made editor of the magazine which, it is said, will be started in opposition to the *Review of Reviews*. President Finlay's brother has been managing editor and one of the chief editorial writers on the *Review of Reviews* for some years. This magazine, by the way, has made proprietor Shaw an independently rich man.

THE ADVISOR ATTRACTING ATTENTION.

The recent article in *The Advisor* regarding the possible establishment of a free daily newspaper for New York has been so widely discussed that it has become a matter of considerable importance. It was an especially well-written and convincing argument from one standpoint; and, even though no tangible end may be attained, the publishers of *The Advisor* have the satisfaction of knowing that their scheme had the merit of attracting attention. *The Advisor*, by the way, seems to be the very lustiest and by all odds the crispest of the publications devoted to the advertising field. *The Advisor* has, in fact, made a decided impression, which is a pretty difficult thing to do in these days of over-stocking. This success, however, should not be surprising in view of the fact that Sam. Phillips, one of the ablest men ever engaged in New York journalism, is at the head of *The Advisor*. Associated with him is Mr. B. A. Vollmer, also formerly in the New York daily field. There are not two more knowing and experienced men in newspaper life to-day than these same Messrs. Phillips and Vollmer.

ANOTHER HEARST STARTLER.

Have you heard of *Hearst's Magazine?* I have. The rumor came to me just after William R. had held a conference with a big New York publisher who wanted the proprietor of the *Journal* to join hands with him and publish a magazine to be known as *Hearst's Magazine*. It was figured, of course, that such a publication would receive an immense amount of booming from the *Journal* and that it could start off with a circulation of at least 100,000. PARK ROW.

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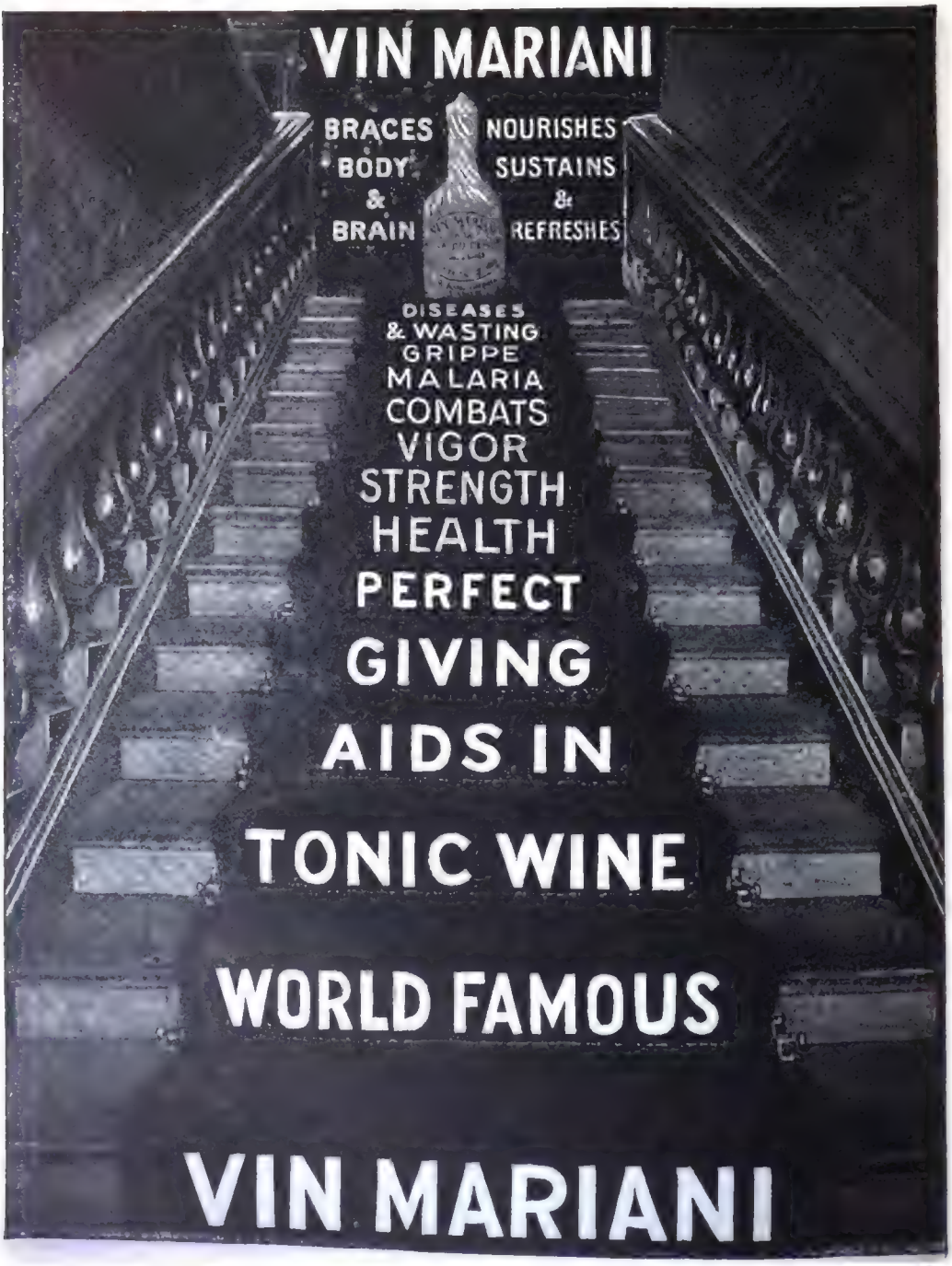

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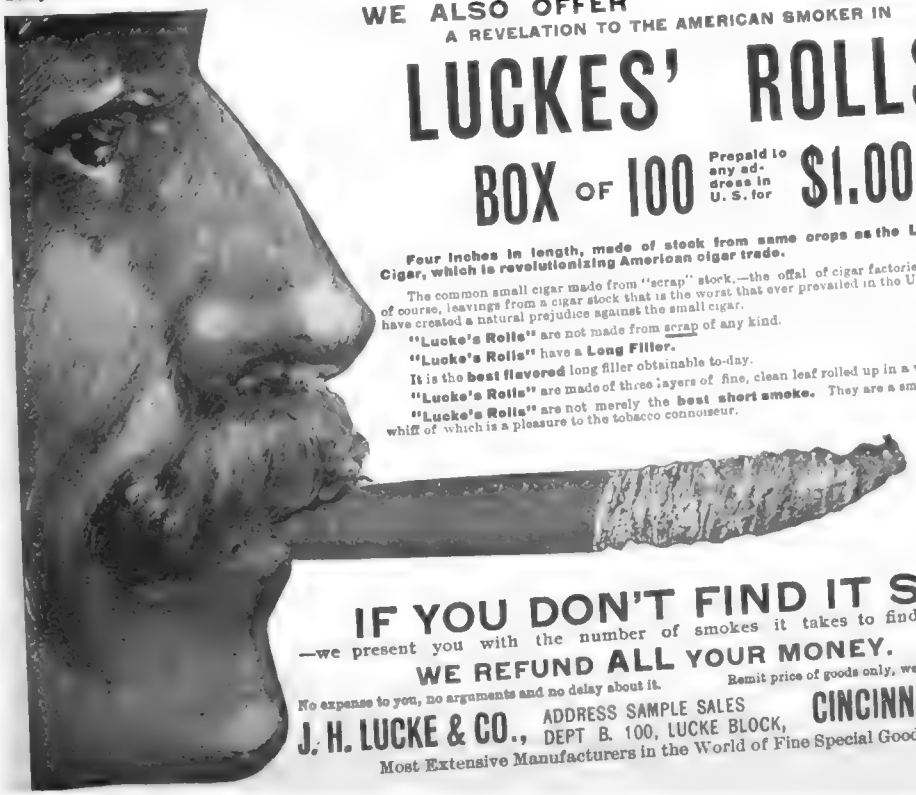
It is the **best flavored** long filler obtainable to-day.

"Lucke's Rolls" are made of three layers of fine, clean leaf rolled up in a wrapper.

"Lucke's Rolls" are not merely the **best short smoke.** They are a small cigar, every whiff of which is a pleasure to the tobacco connoisseur.



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DRUGS WILL NOT RESTORE LOST VITALITY—because it is impossible for them to penetrate to the nerve and motor centers of the human system. At best they simply act as an irritant which clogs the various organs when its immediate effect has passed.

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My treatment is the simplest that human experience has been able to devise. I have studied electricity until I know to a fraction the amount of current necessary to produce a beneficial result upon the human system, in a soothing and agreeable manner; for sudden and severe galvanic shocks often do more harm in two minutes to a nervous organization than it can recover from in months. This proper amount of current I store in eighteen little double element cells, which are secured in a comfortable waist belt, the whole weighing but five ounces. You put the belt on at night, take it off in the morning. Soothing, pleasant current through the weakened parts all night long—next day you feel refreshed, restored, a new man.

Consult me at my office, free of charge, or write for free book, "Three Classes of Men," which explains everything you wish to know, answers many questions which cannot be answered in a magazine advertisement, and is sent in a plain sealed envelope.

DR. B. M. SANDEN
826 Broadway
New York City

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COMPLEXION is the KEYNOTE OF BEAUTY

Without it, the features are dead. Add color, and the pallid woman blushes into a goddess

BEAUTY STILL SWAYS the world, as in the days when the "Holland Dames," of New Amsterdam literally **brushed** themselves into purity and loveliness. Then every mother taught her daughter that **pure blood within and cleanliness without made a perfect complexion.**

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2. Thorough cleanliness can only be secured by the use of hot water, the best soap—Fould's Medicated Arsenic Soap—and the Face Brush, of which our "Holland Dame" is the only scientific and effective form. Fould's soap is not only a specially prepared complexion soap, but is a specific in all diseases of the skin, scalp and face. In combination with the wafers, a perfect complexion is assured in half the time.

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Comer, Imogene, May, '99.
Ashley, Minnie, June, '99.
Conquest, Ida, May, '99.
Bailey, Frankie, May, '99.
Crater, Arline, July, '99.
Barasso, Felicia, Jan., '99.
Crosby, Florence, June, '99.
T Barrison, Lona, Jan., '99.
Cushman, Charlotte, June, '98.
Bates, Blanche, May, '99.
Dale, Kate, June, '98.
Belle, May, April, '99.
Dare, Ada, June, '98.
Belton, Mabel, April, '99.
Davenport, Fanny, June, '98.
Berry, Maude, June '98.
DeWitt, Josie, May, '99.
T Betz, Clara, Oct., '98.
Doerk, Gretchen, Sept. '98.
Bingham, Amelia, June, '99.
Duncan, Isadora, June, '99.
Bloodgood, Clara, June, '98.
Dupont, Helen, May, '98.
Bloodgood, Fannie, May, '98.
Durand, Rita, March, '99.
Booth, Hope, Oct. '98.
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Freeman, Grace, June, '99.
Carlyle, Crissie, March, '99.
Gallatin, Alberta, May, '99.
George, Marie, April, '99.
Garnett, Ursula, June, '98.
Halton, Marie, July, '98.
Hamilton, Effie, May, '99.
Harper, Belle, May, '99.
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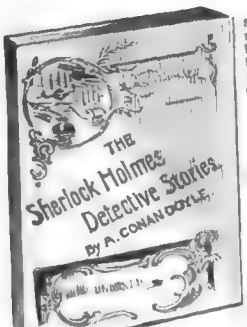

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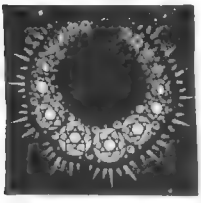

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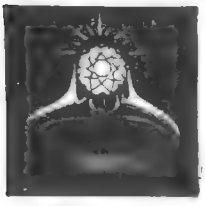

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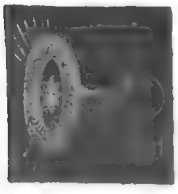

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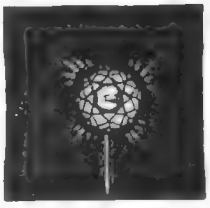

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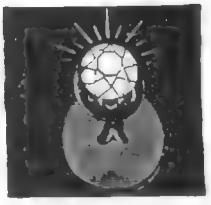

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...FREE...

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A big number, you will say.

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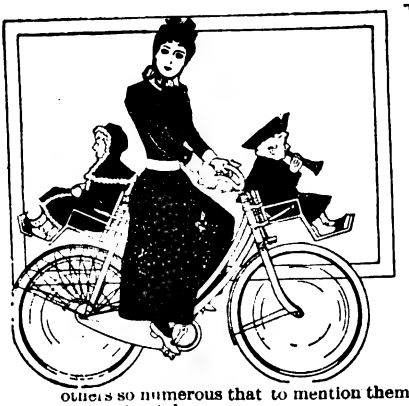

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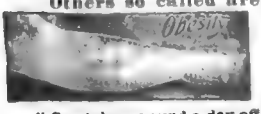

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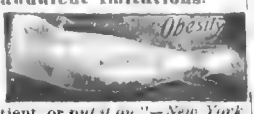

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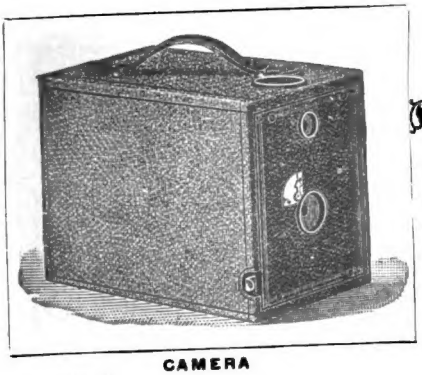

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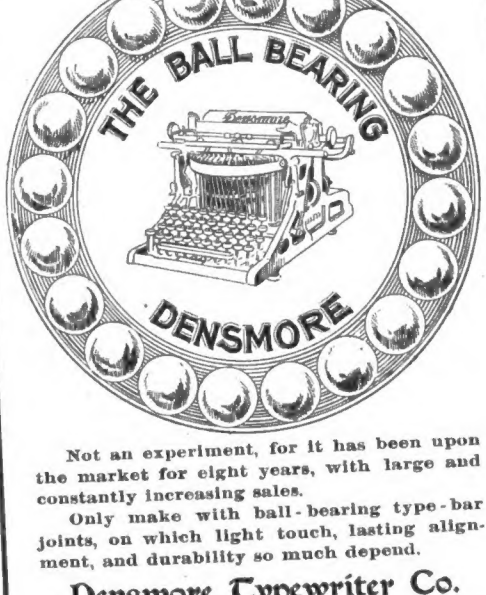

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